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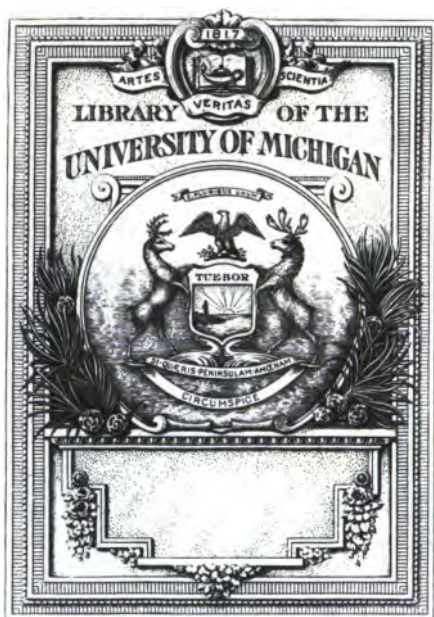
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*Loveling, Benjamin*

**L A T I N**  
**A N D**  
**E N G L I S H**  
**P O E M S.**

---

By a Gentleman of *Trinity College, Oxford.*  
*Loveling*

---

*Nec Lufisse pudet, sed non incidere Ludum.*

**H O R.**

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**L O N D O N :**

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TO THE

AUTHOR

Of the following

POEMS.

**T**O speak of Merit in Impartial Lays,  
And without Flattery a Friend to praise,  
For this the Muse shall strike the Vocal Lyre,  
And sing in Numbers which Thy Works inspire,  
Who feels your Sorrow with a Sigh sincere,  
And 'spite of Resolution drops a Tear.  
Tho' clouded, like the Sun, thy Genius shines  
Tho' Fortune's Mist in Bright Immortal Lines,  
Like Martyrs from Affliction stronger grows,  
Nor drooping sinks beneath a Weight of Woes :

A 2

Not

*Not farou'd OVID in His Exile write;  
 The Heart-felt Anguish check'd His Tow'ring Flight;  
 His Theme no longer was the Blooming Fair,  
 But sung in dying Notes His own Despair.  
 When modern sing-song Panegyrick Bards,  
 Whom CIBBER praises, and the Court rewards,  
 In dark Oblivion shall forgotten lie,  
 Except preserv'd by Chance beneath a Pye,  
 With Rapture shall Posterity rehearse  
 To their admiring Sons Thy lasting Verse.*

*Since HORACE flourish'd in AUGUSTUS' Court,  
 (For Men of Wit and Taste the Gay Resort)  
 None but the British Bards with Ease could sing,  
 Or touch with Equal Skill the Roman String;  
 From their rude Hands the Lyre dropp'd idely down,  
 Because they were not Lineal to the Throne.*

*Tho'*

*Tho' STEPHENS' Muse in Humble Metre flows,  
And warbles Numbers near ally'd to Prose,  
Thy Genius gives a Lustre to His Rhimes,  
And such a Bard may live to Future Times.  
So modern B—sb—ps by Translation thrive,  
And Drones receive the Labours of the Hive.*

*Had Fortune shone with an Auspicious Ray,  
And gilded with Her Beams Thy Natal Day,  
The World had lost the Labours of thy Brain,  
And PHOEBUS had Inspir'd Thy Breast in vain;  
But now what Glory will reward thy Toil,  
If when the Goddess frown the Muses smile?  
And sure that is the most distinguish'd Fame  
Which rises from your own, not Father's Name.*

London,  
April 21, 1738.

The



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LATIN

**LATIN and ENGLISH**

**P O E M S.**

**B**





# SHUNAMITIS

## POEMA

STEPHANI DUCK

Latine redditum.

**V**OS, ô cœlestes Musæ, aspirate canenti,  
 Nam vestrum est cœleste melos; Rex ma-  
 (xime Cœli

Invoco præcipue; venias in vota secundus  
 O Deus, & tangas divino flamine pectus;  
 Umbrosum seu te Carmel, sacrive fluentum  
 Jordani tenet, huc adfis, numerisque vigorem

B 2

Sufficias,

Sufficias, dum me laudes tibi dicere læto  
 Accingam cantu, moveasque Rebellia corda  
 Isacidûm, ut memori condant sub pectore voces.

Talibus orabat dictis Shunamia mater ;  
 Undique Judæi procères, populi que frequentes  
 Agglomerant ; tum mentem inflata, & numine plena  
 Sic canere incepit : vos, ô Abrâmia proles,  
 Arrectas adhibete aures ; laudare Jehovam  
 Mens jubet, atque Dei miracula ferre per orbem :  
 Cum Conforte tori multos feliciter annos  
 Exegi, Domino lectissima munera cœli  
 Non parcâ fundente manu, semperque patebat  
 Externis domus Hospitium, solamen Egenis.  
 Virtutem suadens, divinaque jussa capeffens  
 Has olim terras celebravit Elifha, Laresque  
 Non semel ad nostros venit gratissimus Hospes ;  
 Ille quidem titulos, & quæ fert gratia regum  
 Obtulit haud animi ingratus, sed non ego tali

Mente

Mente utens, dixi, O vates, Deus optimus almam  
 Concessit terram, quâ pleno Copia manat  
 Flumine; quod satis est fruimur, non plura rogamus;  
 Accedant Regum turres & Martia castra  
 Quêis levis ambitio, fugitivaque gloria cordi est,  
 Aurea sollicitæ tentent & vincula pompæ;  
 Me ducit natale solum, quo degere vitam  
 Stat mihi, nec lucro placidam mutare quietem;  
 Hic etenim nudus vestes, fessusque viator  
 Inveniat requiem, hoc vano præluce honor  
 Qui tegit internos luctus, fucatque dolores.  
 Purpureo Satrapas decorant Insignia cultu,  
 Et splendore rudis perstringunt lumina vulgi,  
 Sed rarò pullæ dispergunt nubila curæ.

Progenie exceptâ, Cœlum dulcissima vitæ  
 Præbuerat; quod cum Vatis pervenit ad aures,  
 Me vocat; ut veni, tollit se sedē propheta,  
 Nec tum eadem facies, nec vox, nec forma loquenti:

(Delphicus haud quali vultus feritate Sacerdos  
 Apparet, rabidum stimulat cum pectus Apollo,  
 Edit & infani figmenta Oracula sensus ;)  
 Mortali at plusquam facies suffusa decore  
 Effulsit, cœleste jubar radiavit in ore  
 Dicentis ; salve mulier carissima Cœlo !  
 Non latuere Deum virtutes, præmia solvet  
 Digna, dabitque utero sterili producere natum.  
 Sic vates ; & mox jucundo pondere sensim  
 Intumuit venter, promissam enixaque prolem  
 Lætabar ; subito volitabat fama per urbes  
 Vicinas ; puerum extemplo venêre gregatim  
 Spectatum affines ; placidis cum vocibus omnes  
 Gaudia fudissent, grato sic ore canebam :

O Cœli Genitor, numeros quis laudibus æquos  
 Inveniat ? Quis fando dei miracula pandat ?  
 Te Domino mandante, liquefcet faxea rupes  
 In glebam, & croceis prægnans flavebit aristis.

Aurea desertum decorabit Copia, lætis  
Ridebunt uvis Arabumque inculta locorum,

Talia dicentem populi clamore secundo  
Sic interpellant, & complent murmure cœlum :  
O Deus Omnipotens ! quàm vasta potentia regni est  
Confessi, nomen sancto laudamus honore.  
Cuncta tuo parent sceptro, naturaque jussis  
Auscultans, linquit soliti vestigia cursus.  
Nos tibi pro tali grates persolvere dignas  
Munere conamur, præfens hic annue votis,  
Ut vires puero, sic crescant gaudia matri :  
Natali porro vates qui præfuit horæ  
Consiliis animum vitæ per lubrica ducat ;  
Et vos, aligeri folium cœleste ministri  
Stipantes, tenerâ virtutis semina mente  
Spargite, dumque haustu vitalis vescitur auræ,

Præsidio

Præsidio munitè, & cum mors occupat artus,  
 Tunc efferte—— manum hic movit matrona, filenti  
 Morigeri jussu cuncti tacuere, futuris  
 Vocibus intenti, quas mœsto hæc edidit ore:

Mortales miseri! tantùm imperfecta supremis  
 Gaudia libamus labris, & nubila luctûs  
 Lætitiæ imbelles radios ferrugine tingunt:  
 Antè revolventes quam bis septem egerat annos.  
 Progenies (adeo brevis est & summa voluptas)  
 Visendi studio correpta exivit in arva  
 Mefiores, & flaventes longo ordine fasces  
 Erectos, oculisque arrifit lutea scena;  
 Sed jubâr aut Phœbus nimium vibravit acutum,  
 Aut inimica aura, aut subiti coiêre dolores  
 Maturare necem; pater ô! succurre dolenti  
 Dixit, at incassum; penitus vigor artubus ægris  
 Languit, & rosei vultum liquere colores.

Tanti

Tanti fama mali nostras cito pertigit aures,  
 Atque aderat subito moribunda in limine proles ;  
 Indulgens iñ collo dare brachia circum ;  
 Quid puerum cruciat dixi ? gemitu ille profundo  
 Respondit, vox & morienti faucibus hæsit.  
 Tentavi mœrens rabiem lenire dolendi,  
 Tentavi frustra ; quatit æger anhelitus artus  
 Pallentes, Fatî instantis certissimus Index :  
 Illico frigebant vitalia flumina venis,  
 Nutavitque æger lethali pondere vertex ;  
 Ter conatus erat gremio se attollere, & impos-  
 Ter cecidit, gemitu vitamque amisit in auras.  
 Non aliter quàm cum tenerâ radice colonus  
 Nutrivit vitem, ramos docilesque plicavit,  
 Sithoniumve gelu, vel mordet noxius Euri  
 Surgentem flatus, vani pereuntque labores.

- Frigescens

Frigeſcens horrore ſteti, perque ima eucurrit  
 Oſſa tremor ; lacrymas fuderunt lumina, & imbre  
 Continuo maduere genæ ; vix corde dolorem  
 Suſtinui ; demum ſed lingua ſilentia rupit,  
 Et triſti querulas emiſi pectore voces :

O quàm mortales animos incerta voluptas  
 Deliciis brevibus mulcet, fugit inde caduca,  
 Par vacuæ nubi, volucrique ſimillima vento !  
 Nil autem lugere juvat, non vita redibit  
 In gelidum corpus, pulcroque cadaveri eundum eſt  
 In noctem æternam, & tenebroſæ viſcera terræ.  
 Sed culpæ Deum, fatoque edicere leges  
 Non noſtrum eſt ; miro proles fuit edita partu,  
 Nec magè ſit mirandum, animet ſi ſpiritus auræ  
 Exſanguis artus, ſedem repetatque priorem.  
 Si properem ad Carmel, forſan lenimen amariſ  
 Accedat curis ; vatis valere potentes.

Eccundare



Fœcundare preces sterilem, votisque favente  
 Numine, dissolvat frigentia vincula mortis.  
 Tishbites viduæ Natum revocavit ab umbris ;  
 Nec Famam est Factis sortitus Elifha minorem :  
 Jordani rapidum pallâ cum venit ad amnem  
 Percussit fluctus, hinc atque hinc flumina currunt  
 Divisa, & liquidis stipant vestigia muris.  
 Per multas messes tellus Jerichoa colonis  
 Haud æqua assiduis herbas produxit inertes ;  
 Sed mandante illo flavis ridebat ariftis,  
 Pestiferi fontes undasque dedere salubres.  
 Dilectum cœlo vatem non dulcia sola,  
 Ast & acerba manent penès, ingentemque procacis  
 Ultorem linguæ sensit Bethelia Pubes.  
 Prætereâ, quando Moabitæ fœdera turmæ  
 Fregêre, & frustra coiêre rebellibus armis  
 Isacidûm turbare manus, in bella Cohortes  
 Duxit Idumææ \* Princeps deserta per oræ ;

• Jehoram.

Quâ

Quà non arentem mulcebant aëra venti,  
 Nec puri ficcis manabant fontibus amnes ;  
 Oppreſſit fitis ægra duces, ſociæque Phalanges  
 Defecêre animis, à Te tum, magne propheta,  
 Auxilium petiêre Duces, nec inane petebant :  
 Namque ubi juffiſti, tellus humebat obortis  
 Fluminibus, campique liquens ſolvuntur in æquer ;  
 Non major tellurem uſtam rotarit aquarum  
 Copia, cum ſaxa Amramides mollivit in undas.  
 Quemve unquam fugiet facinus mirabile factu,  
 Multiplicando oleum viduæ cum debita ſolvit ?  
 Talia qui fecit (vois modò Conditor orbis  
 Annuat,) exanimi det morte reſurgere nato,

Sic fata, impoſui puerum malè mœſta cubili  
 Quo vates dormire ſolet, juffique parari  
 Quadrupedem ; at triftis conjux abrumpere fruſtra  
 Propoſitum tentabat iter, dictiſque monebat :

Non Deus æthereo vatis nunc flamine tangit  
 Pectora, neve illi est arcana recludere fati ;  
 Cui sic respondi : cur spem compescere quæris  
 Surgentem ? Vulgi ritus, & vana dierum  
 Nomina non mihi sunt curæ, Deus Optimus illi  
 Semper adest, precibusque benignas exhibet aures ;  
 Hæc ubi dicta dedi, frænis per plana viarum  
 Laxatis properavit Equus, Passuque citato  
 Deveni terram celsò-quà vertice Carmel  
 Surgit, odorato recreatque cacumine cœlum ;  
 Qua vitis placidam ramis contexuit umbram,  
 Confedit Vates ; Zephyri lufère tepentes  
 Per nemus, & leni frondes movère susurro.  
 Procubui prona ante pedes, tremulâque prehensens  
 Genua manu, plenas effudi luctui habenas :

Materno dixit parce indulgere dolori,  
 Non lacrymæ possunt fati mutare tenorem ;

C

Accendit

Accendit Deus, aut extinguit lampada vitæ  
 Ad libitum ; mandare suum, succumbere nostrum est ;  
 Vult omnes Natura mori ; certa urna paratur  
 Omnibus, & mors non poena est, nisi talis habetur.  
 Nostra tamen magnum si tangant vota Tonantem,  
 Ipsa regustabis redivivo gaudia nato.  
 Sic ait, & baculo defigit lumina, servum  
 Ad se deinde vocat ; dixitque, hoc leniter ora  
 Pone super pueri, jussum ille exêgit herile.

O nostræ, inclamo, spes certa & sola salutis !  
 Da mihi te facilem ; non fas est credere servo  
 Tantæ molis opus : si tu mecum ire recuses,  
 Auritas mœsto vites clamore movebo,  
 Et natum plorans, & tristia pectora plangens  
 Vocales luctum montes resonare docebo.  
 Plura fui dictura, dolor sed verba repressit ;  
 At lacrymæ & gemitus habuêrunt pondera vocis.

Motus

**Motus erat tandem quæstus, sedemque virentem**

**Liquit, & ærâ descendit vertice montis**

**Ad Shunam tendens, propero via longaue cursus**

**Correpta optatas oculis mox obtulit arces :**

**Ad portam nobis sese dedit obuius altam**

**Regrediens fervus : pallentes plumbeus artus**

**Mortis adhuc pueri tenuit sopor, intima doneo**

**Et idicus miseri intravit penstralia tecti.**

**Multa animo volvens juxta stetit ille cadaver,**

**Eugentesque seorsum excedere jussit amicos ;**

**Deinde preces fundens afflavit lumine cassum**

**Corpus, & extemplo distendit flamine venas**

**Purpureo sanguis, vitalem membra vigorem**

**Senferunt, victum cessitque ignobile lethum.**

**Sic cædi invigilans balantis ab ubere matris**

**Quando agnum lupus eripuit, ferus ore cruento**

**Dilacerat ; sed si venientem forsitan audit.**

Pastorem, indignans, tamen actus linquere prædam,  
Præcipitatque fugam, completque ululatibus agros.

Nunc vates cupidis dat natum amplectier ulnis,  
Cui mage purpureo vultus rubuere colore,  
Atque oculi plusquam solito fulgore micabant.  
Non aliter quam cum Phoebus, fulgente coruscum  
Qui vehit axe diem, tegitur caliginis umbrâ;  
Cum primo auricomum tenebris caput exerit atris  
Splendidus vibrat jubar, aut vibrare videtur.

Definit hic matrona loqui, numerosaque turba  
Respondens junctis sic claudit vocibus hymnum :  
Armipotens Deus ! Imperii quam dirigis æquâ  
Fræna manu, vitamque viris vel funera misces !  
Te globus immensus Terræ, te lucida summi  
Regna poli agnoscunt Dominum ; tuque inclyte mundi  
Sol Decus ætherei, qui complex lumine cœlum,

Redde

Redde Deo laudes, cum gurgite surgis Eoo,  
 Hesperio & rutilos cum mergis in æquore currus,  
 Tu noctis Regina argentea Luna, minores  
 Vosque Ignes qui luce aspergitis aëris amplas  
 Cærulei tractus, vos O campique liquentes  
 Marmoris æquorei, Regem laudate Jehovah,  
 Horrida flammanti torquentem fulmina dextrâ,  
 Vos fontes, amnes vitrei, & vaga flumina cursus  
 Finditis ut liquidos, meritas persolvite laudes.  
 Vos omnes, densæ nebulæ pluviique vapores  
 Surgentes laudate Deum, laudate cadentes.  
 At vos, Ifacidæ, pleno qui ducitis haustu  
 Dulcia dona Dei, & toties miracula magna  
 Vidistis, celebrate perenni nomen honore.

---

---

P A R S T E R T I Æ C A P I T I S P r o p h e t æ  
H A B B A K U K.

**F**ulgore cinctus terribili Deus.  
Teman relinquens, & Paran arduum,  
Complevit orbem dignitate  
Et liquidi spatia ampla coeli;

Mors multiformis prævolat, & lues  
Horrenda, morborum agmine lurido.  
Stipatus incedit; voraces  
Sub pedibus glomerantur ignes.

Eminus orbem luminibus, gravem  
Mundi timorem gentibus incutit:  
In plana subsedere colles,  
Et refugi tremuere montes.

Magnæ



Magno feroces Æthiopas metu-  
 Vidi paventes; vidi ego territos-  
 Orbes remotos, & trementem  
 Horrisono Midian tumultu.

Vidère Rivi Te pavid; juga  
 Vidère Te, Te flumina, & intimis.  
 Terrore perculsi cavernis  
 Æquorei gemuère fluctus.

Caliginosâ nocte premit polum;  
 Siftit fugaces Sol pavitans equos,  
 Nec triste pallens Luna curat  
 Noctivagos agitare cursus.

Sensère Gentes quid Deus impiæ  
 Possit Jacobi: terribilem quatit  
 Hastam, feruntur dum sagittæ  
 Lethiferis per inane pennis.

Fluenta

Fluenta cursu præcipiti retrò  
 Volvère fluctus ; attonitus petit  
 Jordanus urnam, dum triumphans  
 Per trepidas equitavit undas.

Tantæ ruinæ dum Sonitus minax  
 Perstringit aures, faucibus obruta  
 Vox hæret, imas & pavores  
 Horrifici penetrant medullas.

Si terra fructus edere definat,  
 Natura languens si pereat, canam  
 Te Principem terræ, Jehovah,  
 Te superi Dominumque cœli.

Ad

Ad AMICUM.

**C**AROLE, dispeream si fit mihi gratior ulla  
 Litera, quam vestra charta notata manu ;  
 Quò magè perlegi, magè delectavit ocellos,  
 Sed te plus nimio conqueror esse brevem ;  
 Copia verborum multò jucundior esset,  
 O malè deliciis invidiose meis !  
 Tristia si quæras cur sint mihi carmina cordi ;  
 Conveniunt forti carmina mæsta meæ.  
 Qualis in Exilium Romanis actus ab oris  
 Flebilibus lussit Naso poëta modis,  
 Qualiter aut flevit crudelem questus amicam ;  
 Fugit ut amplexus dura Corinna suos ;

Lugu

Lugubris absentes sic plorat Musa fodales,

Sic trahit infaustam tardior hora diem ;

Non aures mulcent arguti ad vina lepores,

Non jacet in cupido blandula nympha finu ;

Hinc curæ accedunt, hinc surgit origo doloris ;

At nostri superest altera causa mali :

Annua vicini celebrabant festa coloni,

Ornabat dubias rustica pompa dapes,

Ruricolæ venêre viri, venêre puellæ,

Edidit & gracilem tibia flata sonum.

Unica de multis perstrinxit lumina nymphae,

Me mihi purpureæ surripuêre genæ ;

Qualiter umbrosis incedit montibus Hæmi

Virgineo Dryadum Delia cincta choro,

Lascivis præbet vestem diffundere ventis,

Ludunt ambrosiæ colla per alba comæ.

Haud secus hæc motu nymphas supereminet omnes,

Et roseo placidam spirat ab ore necem.

Fervebant Paphiâ concurrere membra palæstrâ,  
 Offa repentinus tangit & ima calor ;  
 Dixi blanditias, dixi mollissima verba,  
 Sed manet irato furdior Illa mari ;  
 O ! si casta minùs, minùs aut formosa fuisset,  
 Sprevissem Cyprii spicula vana Dei.  
 Ut pellam curas, & fallam tædia vitæ  
 Jam propero Aonias sollicitare Deas.  
 Quid facis, infœlix ? pergis dare vela procellis ?  
 Adversis demens fluctibus ire paras ?  
 Incassum tentas dispergere nubila fortis,  
 Tanto erit haud præfens musa medela malo.  
 Stamine quàm nigro ducunt mea fila sorores !  
 Hei mihi, quàm misero vita tenore fluit !  
*Oxonium* peterem, sed Tonfor, Sartor, & Hospes  
 Nomina sunt ipso penè timenda sono.  
 Tu fieres longi, carissime, meta doloris,  
 Aspera sed mihi te, me tibi fata negant.

Non

Non semper rutilos obscurant nubila cœlos,  
Non semper tumidis volvitur æquor aquis,  
Haud aliter mutet vultus fortuna severos,  
Et veniat votis mollior aura meis.  
Sed donec mihi te reddat felicior hora,  
Hinc eat & redeat mutua charta. Vale.

Ad

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Ad JOANNEM G——S——NUM, Equitem.

**P**ELlicum, G——f——ne, animosus hostis,  
Per minus castas Druriæ tabernas

Lenis incedens abeas Diones

Æquus Alumnis.

Nuper (ah dictu miserum!) *Olivera*

Flevit creptas viduata mæchas,

Quas tuum vidit genibus minores

Ante tribunal.

Dure, cur tantâ in Veneris ministras

Æstuas ira? posito furore

Huc ades, multâ & prece te vocantem

Gratior audi!

Nonne sat mæchas malè feriatas

Urget infestis fera fors procellis?

D

Adderis

Adderis quid tu ulterior puellis

Causa doloris ?

Incolunt eheu ! thalamos supernos,

Nota quæ sedes fuerat Poëtis ;

Nec domum argento gravis ut solebat

Dextra revertit.

Nympha quæ nuper nituit theatro

Nunc stat obscuro misera angiporstu,

Supplici vellens tunicam rogatque

Voce Lyæum.

Te voco rebus Druriæ ruentis ;

Voce communi Britentum Juventutis

Te vocat, nunc ô ! dare te benignum

Incipe votis.

Singulum tunc dona feret lupanar :

Liberum mittet Rosa Lusitanum,

Gallici



Gallici *Haywarda* & generosa mittet

Munera Bacchi ;

Sive te forsan moveat libido,

Aridis pellex requiescat ulnis

Callida effætas renovare lento

Verbere vires.

D :

Ad

Ad AMICUM.

QUA potior sanus tibi, *Carole*, mitto salutem ;  
Sed præter solitum te tacuisse queror :

Cynthia decrevit, lucemque coegit in orbem,

Nec venit ad nostras litera lenta manus.

Quæ legis ex illis scribo, carissime, campis

Quos \* *Ninus* placidis lambit amænus aquis.

Aspice ut Autumnus ridentem temperat annum

Effundens pleno munera larga finu ;

Mitior æstivâ, brumali mitior aurâ,

Ut nimis hæc friget, sic nimis illa calet.

Luxuriat roseis vindemia læta racemis,

Neclareoque tumet pensilis uva mero.

Tempora maturant fructus, & poma coloni

Frugiferæ carpunt aurea dona Deæ.

\* Fluvius in comitatu Northampt.

Agri-

Agricolæ dociles ducunt ad aratra juvencos,  
 Et dant fecundo femina flava solo.  
 Phœbus ut exoriens perfundit lumine cœlum  
 Venator volucres cogit in arva canes.  
 Piscibus infidior vitrei flans margine rivi,  
 Dum lenis tremulo marmurat aura sono.  
 Grandia Mœonii miror modo carmina Cygni,  
 Ut struxit proprium perfida Troja rogi;  
 Ardentesque duces, & pingues sanguine campos,  
 Et video hostiles bella movere Deos.  
 Quem non mellitæ tangit facundia linguae  
 Dum ciet Argolicas Nestor ad arma manus?  
 Quantus Achilleis fulget Patroclus in armis  
 Dum vibrat Lycio tela tremenda duci!  
 Pars nulla immensi ridet mihi gravior orbis,  
 Non habet angellum terra Britannia parem;  
 O Cœreri & Baccho tellus carissima! fruges  
 Prodigus haud parcâ spargit uterque manu:

Optima Campano non cedit vitis Iaccho,

Certat & Hesperio nobilis Alla mero.

Hæc plaga formosis splendet ditissima nymphis,

Et superat Paphiæ regna beata Deæ ;

Singula quot nitidis exultat villa puellis !

Quàm patet in nostros Area lata modos !

Gaudia quantumvis mihi fundere rura videntur,

Delicii fine te debilis umbra manet.

Quando erit ut videam caros dilecte sodales ?

O mihi Theseâ pectora juncta fide !

Optatum ad portum me mollior aura reducet,

Et spero faciles in mea vota Deos ;

Sed nunc mandato claudetur Epistola parvo :

Sis nostri memor, ut sum memor Ipse Tui.

Ad

Ad GALLUM.

**S**I nimis longum tacui, Sodalis  
Care, concedas veniam roganti,

Perlegas vultuque parum severo

Carmen amici.

Ore feu fumum placidum Tabacci

Accipis, reddisque, humilis vel Allæ

Aridas frondes Logicæ rigantis

Pocula fumis,

Linque si possis tubulum scyphumque,

Linque si possis comites jocosos,

Et vaca paulum metricâ ligatis

Compede nugis.

Rustici

Rustici nuper (quod ad umbilicum  
Duxerant messē) Cereri litabant,  
Sedula & lautis epulis parabat

Villica mēsas ;

Captus agrestis novitate moris  
Ad dapes veni dubias vocatus,  
Ebibique Allæ calices biennis

Lege solutos,

Armiger Zytho riguus potenti  
Ructibus voces mutilat, jocosque  
Amputans, lassas stolido cachinno

Vulnerat aures ;

Majus haud monstrum generatur Illo,  
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum,  
Plumbeo cui præ catulis equisque

Omnia sordent.

Sicco abhinc fluxit mihi vita cursu :

Tu rigas plenis Cyathis amicos,  
Blandulâ aut quæris vacuus puellâ

Fallere noctem.

Sobrio

Sobrio & præter solitum pudico  
 Machinâ mî non opus est amicâ,  
 Horreo nec quos malefâna sparget

Nympha calores.

Pellice & vino careo ; sed usus  
 Ista me ferre edocuit, jubetque  
 Gaudio solari animum priori,

Speque futuri.

Ad

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Ad AMICUM cum JOANNIS SECUNDI  
OPERIBUS.

**C**Armina quæ lufit plectro leviores *Secundus*

Exiguum nostri pignus amoris habe ;

Lumine percurras facili quem Zoilus Ipse

Vix neget antiquis vatibus esse parem ;

In quo Nafonis redivivi Musa refurgit

Pandit ut Idaliæ myſtica ſacra Deæ ;

Phœbeos, Cypriosque ambo ſenſere calores,

Deperiêre pares, & cecinêre pares ;

Julia ſuccendit natum Salmone poëtam,

Torruit Hagenſem Julia pulcra virum ;

Belgica Romanæ non cedit Julia nymphæ,

Nec cedis vati, dive Secunde, ſuo.

Julia digna tuis, etiamque indigna Camænis,

Julia candidior, frigidiôrque nive !

Quis



Quis non afficitur, cui non est causa dolendi,  
 Cum jacet alterius dura puella sinu ?  
 Quis tamen afficitur, vel cui sit causa dolendi,  
 Sævitiæ relegit dum monimenta suæ ?  
 Candida mox visit juvenem Venerilla poëtam  
 Languidulis oculis, aureolisque comis ;  
 Omnibus in vestras placuerunt carmina laudes,  
 Cur tibi cui voluit non, Venerilla, placent ?  
 Salvete æternum Dominæ sacrata Neæræ  
 Bafia, Acidalii numine plena Dei !  
 Bafia, perfusi Cythereo nectare versus !  
 Bafia vel Cypriæ digna placere Deæ !  
 Incedis Paphiâ religatus tempora myrto,  
 Et colis Elyfias, Umbra beata, plagas ;  
 Ecce ! tibi vates affurgunt, Naso, Tibullus,  
 Et Flaccus Lyrici gloria magna Chori.  
 Te socium accipiunt, videórque audire catervâm  
 Unanimi tales edere voce sonos :

Hic vir hic est carus Phoebo, Venerisque sacerdos,  
 Qui cecinit Gnidiae basia dona Deae ;  
 O felix Juvenis ; cape præmia carmine digna,  
 Sisque inter Vates primus, ut illa Deas.

Ad

Ad SEXTUM.

**D**I V A lascivi genetrix amoris  
*Druriam* liquit modò multùm amantam,

Et *Coventino* propiore curâ

**Præsidet** Morto;

Liquit *Howardæ* thalamum protervæ,

*Talbotæ* liquit penetrare testis,

Seque jam *Coxæ* Venus in decoram

**Transtulit** ædem;

Regnat hîc luxu insolito, hîc ruinæ

Confluit pubes studiosa, mœchi

Hîc eunt crebri redeuntque, & odit

**Janua** limen.

**E**

**Clarior**

Clarior clarâ meretrix Philippâ

Sub jugum victas juvenum catervas

Misit, & scortis agit invidendum

*Coxa triumphum ;*

Fausta prae cunctis, cupidis virentes

Quam foveant ulnis Juvenes : senilis

Graya dum Civis ciet impotentem

*Verbere penem.*

Fisa sed cœlo & Zephyro secundo

Latiùs vela haud metuens procellæ

Explicat, sperat placidumque semper

*Credula pontum ;*

Mox frement venti, exitioque foeti

Ingruent fluctus, scopuli patebunt

Abditi, & mergent fragilem æstuosa

*Æquora puppim.*

*Gilla*

*Gilla* venalis stat in angiportu ;

*Brookia Howardæ* celebrat culinam

Nocte pertendens riguis Iaccho

*Retia mœchia.*

*Hooper* obscenas pedes it tabernas ;

Dura paupertas malè *Morrisonas*

Opprimit, mœchas sub inauspicato

*Sydere natas.*

*Browniæ* splendorem hebetavit ætas ;

*Carlesfis* turpis macies decentem

Occupat vultum, parilem dabitque

*Coxa* ruinam.

Integram serva ante alias amatam

*Sylviam*, & famam vigili tuère

Numine, huic primo, Venus, huic supremo

**Annue Voto !**

**E 2**

**Præbeas**

Præbeas si te facilem vocanti  
Te colam, Diva, assiduus, sequarque  
Te metûs expers, & inibo vestra

Prælia inermis.

Irritas sed quid juvat obsecratis  
Auribus futire preces ? subibit  
Pellicis (fera ah subeat !) dolendam

Sylvia fortem.

Cum nihil certi stabilisve Parcæ  
Invidiæ humanæ tribuere genti,  
Expedit Divum colere explicatâ

Fronte Lyæum.

Hanc mihi normam posuisti, in hæc te  
Assuequar, dilecte, libens, tuoque  
Eluam exemplo tetricas Oportæ

Æquore curas.

Ad

Ad SEXTUM.

**Q**ualis Threïcias exul damnatus ad oras,  
 Vel riget æterno quæ Nova Zembla gelu,  
 Innectit causasque moræ, lacrymisque rigatus  
 Enumerat liquidæ tædia longa viæ,  
 Dumque ratis vehitur spatiosa per æquora ponti,  
 Respicit ad patrii littora cara soli;  
 Tendebam tali depressus pectora luctu  
 Ad loca deliciis invidiosa meis,  
 Qua non purpurei delectant munera Bacchi,  
 Qua non Idaliæ dulcia dona Deæ.  
 Tunc animum absentes focii subière, meroque  
 Irrigui risus, ambiguique sales,  
 Et semper faciles in amoris furta puellæ,  
 Et Lunæ signo conspicienda domus;

Mox ruit in mentem qualis sese ore ferebat

*Sylvia*, dum jacui captus amore finu,

Brachia dum circumque dedi, veneresque pererratis

Fixi molliculis oscula mille genis,

Qui titillantes repserè per ossa calores

Mentula dum gratum cepit amoris opus !

Gaudia dum placido jacui languore solutus,

Fingere vix animus, pingere *Musa* nequit.

*Sylvia*, druricolas inter pulcherrima nymphas !

*Sylvia* lascivi gloria prima chori !

Quando iterum tepidos liceat penetrare recessus ?

Quando iterum roseo bafia ab ore bibam ?

Bafia quæ solidam poterint renovare senectam ?

Bafia amatori digna placere Jovi !

Quid mihi si teneat Civem *Bartona* catenis

In coitu crebras docta movere nates ?

Quid mihi si lascivâ *Antonia* polleat arte,

Calleat & Venerem follicitare manu ?

Non



Non mihi ~~sunt cordi~~ me *Sylvia* sola perurit

Languidulis oculis, lacteoloque finu.

Excitat, & nostras potis est restinguere flammās,

Et Peni vires Illa dat, Illa rapit.

Nunc mala fors faustis nimis, ah! nimis invida rebus

Me gremio avulsit, *Sylvia* pulcra, tuo;

Quàm malè sustinui discedens dicere longum

Cara vale, longum *Sylvia* cara vale!

Conjuge vix genuit curis propioribus Orpheus

Raptâ iterum ad Stygli lurida regna Dei.

Innumeri luctus tardant mihi temporis alas,

Et mentem nigro pondere cura premit.

Rure morans quid agam? latet alto pectore vulnus;

Nascitur haud nostris rure medela malis;

Hic uno repenti & eodem tramite surgit

Nil veniente die, nil abeunte, novi.

Diverſo longe properant tibi tempora cursu,

Singula delicias exhibet hora novas:

Nocte

Nocte *Rosam* celebras hilari comitante catervâ,  
 Et te das focîis, tristitiâque notis ;  
 Præ cunctis caræ libas de more puellæ  
 Munera Cornigeri nobiliora Dei.  
 Forſitan Italici te ludicra pompa theatri,  
 Scenæ, verficuli rerum inopesque juvant,  
 Orcheſtrâque ſedes, delectatâque canoros  
 Semiviri modulos combibis aure Chori,  
 Dum Reges pereunt Cygnorum more canentes,  
 Tibia & imbelles inflat ad arma manus.  
 Cum ſolitus ſuadet vigor & tentiginis æſtus,  
 Sub ſigno Cypriæ bella movere Deæ,  
 Aut animam niveis *Catharinæ* effundis in ulnis,  
 Aut te molliculo mulcet *Eliza* ſinu.  
 Scire cohors quid agit Veneri devota laboro ;  
 (Vix te de genere hoc ulla latere puto)  
 Fertilis an mœchas miſit JUVENA recentes ?  
 Sana quid ad præſens Scorta lupanar habet ?

Quæſitæ

Quæsitæ floretne tenax *Antonia* palmæ?

Pellacine sedet pristinus ore decor?

An Juvenem flammâ dignum meliore perurit

Haud Oculis facies infidiosa meis?

Dic, quali regnat pompâ REGINA CORINTHI,

Et quos jam lætat luxuriosa procos;

An gemmis magè quàm formâ spectanda theatro

Fulget adhuc nitidi publica cura Chori?

Postremùm liceat de te mihi pauca rogare:

Quæ jam venali Lais amore capit?

Congrederisne ferox Penem circumdatus armis,

An ruis Idaliæ nudus ad acta Dææ?

An pellex malefana accendit in Inguine flammæ,

Et pateris telo vulnera facta tuo?

Sed te (ni fallor) fecere pericula cautum,

Et toties passum spero carere malis.

Quot tecum noctes vinoque jocisque dicavi!

Heu! meminisse piget, dum meminisse juvat;

Te

**Te mœsto quamvis mala fors sejunxit amico,**

**Solvere amicitiae vincula firma nequit.**

**Concelebres alio si terras sole calentes,**

**Te nulla ex animo debeat hora meo.**

**Accipe vota precor (mihi nil nisi vota supersunt)**

**Det fortuna tibi quod mihi dura negat ;**

**Liber & alma Venus tibi dona perennia fundant,**

**Et fallat noctem Diva, Deusque diem.**

**Ad**

Ad SEXTUM.

**D**UM frequens cultor Veneris, puellas  
Insequens circum nemora uvidique

Marginem Cami, Paphiâ fatigas

Membra palæstrâ ;

Ipse furtivos meditans amores

Inguine erecto & tenui crumenâ

Nocte sublustri peto KIDNIENSEM

Fervidus Aulam ;

Aut coronatis Genio culullis

Serus indulgens celebros tabernas,

Me nec, & luscum, poterit Falerni

Fallere testa.

Sed

2

Sed parùm arguti sapiunt sodales,  
Indicæ languet fapor omnis herbæ,  
Et minùs gratum est sine te jocosì

Munus Iacchi.

O mihi irrupto sociate amoris  
Vinculo, cum quo Cypriæ secutus  
Signa sum matris, roseique cum quo

Signa Lyæi !

Quando erit Grantam ut videam tenentem  
Te mei partem haud minimam, meroque  
Quando erit tecum ut liceat morantem

Frangere noctem ?

Interim (quamvis mihi te negarint,  
Me tibi, Parcæ) regione nostrâ  
Missis quicquid novitatis extat

Charta docebit :

*Poola*

*Poola* (ni mendax mihi falsa narrat  
Fama) non pridem laqueo Tyburni  
Pendula læsa est malè se secuto ex

Arbore collum.

*Henlia* absentem fine fine *Rufum*  
Luget, & mœcho haud alio calebit,  
Curam acu fallit, Venerisque dudum

Castra reliquit ;

Sic (ut antiqui cecinère vates)  
Flevit ereptum viduata Ulyssëm  
Sponsa, percurrens minuitque luctus

Pectine telam.

Estne cui cedat meretrix apud vos  
Fama *Cowellæ* ? Paphiæne matris  
Noverit BARNWELLA fidiorem

Vestra ministram ?

F

Callidè

Callidè in portum resupina amoris  
Dirigit Penem, hìc Gnidiæ litamus  
Fervidi Divæ, & vetus ara multo

Fumat odore.

Jam ferè longo fatiata ludo  
Otium poscit Juvenes ; gravescit,  
Et tui pars, ut perhibet, tumentì

Conditur alvo.

Alma mox prolem dubiam daturæ  
Divæ sis præsens genitalis, acres  
Mitiga planctus, hebetaque duri

Spicula fati !

Nascere optata ô soboles ! sequaris  
Si puer, mores patris, at puellam  
Si velint Parcæ, Cytherea matris

Imbuat arte.

Ad



Ad HENRICUM.

**N**ympha Coventini quæ gloria fulserat Horti,  
 Cui vix vidisset Druria vestra parem,  
 Exul, inops, liquit proprios miseranda Penates,  
 Fortunæ extremas sustinuitque vices,  
 Nunc trahit infaustam tenebroso in carcere vitam,  
 Et levat insolito mollia membra toro:  
*Carlesis*, ah ! quantum, quantum mutaris ab illâ  
*Carlese*, quæ Veneris maxima cura fuit !  
 Ædè tuâ risère olim Charitesque Jocique,  
 Hic fuerant Paphiæ currus & arma Deæ ;  
 Arsêrunt Cives, arsit Judæus Apella,  
 Et te bellorum deperiêre chori.  
 Jam sordes pallensque genas, & flaccida mammas,  
 Non oculi, quondam qui micuere, micant.

Heu ubi formosæ referentes lilia malæ !

Labra ubi purpureis quæ rubuère rosis !

Te puer Idalius, te fastiditque juvenus

Tam marcescentem, dissimilemque tui.

Siccine tam fidam curas Erycina ministram ?

Hæccine militiæ præmia digna tuæ ?

O Venus ! ô nimium nimiumque oblita tuarum !

*Carlesis* an meruit fortis acerba pati ?

Quæ posthàc arisve tuis imponet honorem,

Ardebit posthàc vel tua Castra sequi ?

Omnigenas æquo circumspice lumine mœchas.

Quas tua pellicibus Druria dives alit,

Quæ cellas habitant, vicos peditesve peragrant,

Aut quæ Wappinios incoluère Lares ;

Invenienda fuit nusquam lascivior, artûs

Mobilior, sacris vel magis apta tuis.

*Carlesis* ah nostris & flenda & fleta Camænis !

Accedat vestris nulla medela malis ?

Te

Te vereor miseram fortuna tenaciter anget,  
 Nec veniet rebus mollior aura tuis.  
 Est tibi (sitque precor) pallex, *Henrica*, virescens  
 Quæ te primævâ simplicitate capit;  
 Sera Illi teneræ languescat gratia formæ,  
 Vita Illi cursu candidiore fluat,  
 Conjuge fit Batavo felix, tutusque fruaris  
 Aurea dum crassâ Cornua fronte gerit.

Ad BACCHUM.

**D**IVE Thebanæ soboles puellæ  
 Mixta quem mater peperit Tonante,  
 Dive qui vinclo metuentes solvi

Necis amicos !

Nubilas præfens remove curas  
 Porrigis frontem minùs explicatam,  
 Et Dionæis agitata mulces

Pectora telis ;

Linque Campanos Siculoſque colles,  
 Linque Nutricis juga celfa Nyſæ,  
 Et meum comple, Deus alme, toto

Numine pectus !

Mo

Me puer longùm Veneris marinæ

Spiculis urgens cruciavit, adfis

Lætus, & foelix miserêre nostrî,

Dive, laboris!

Ignè (ni falsum cecinêre vates)

Ipse mortali caluisse quondam,

Diceris, nec te puduit decorâ

Virgine vinci :

Atticas quando spoliis onustus

Victor Ægides reparavit oras,

Vela diffundens nimiùm secundo

Turgida vento :

Sola desertis Ariadna terris

Multa de falso doluit marito,

Et percussio sonuêre Naxi

Littora planctu ;

Tu

Tu capistratis rediens ab India  
 Tigribus vectus, viridique cinctus  
 Pampino crines, placidâ bibisti

Aure querelas.

Mox ubi nympham lacrymis venustam  
 Videras, ictus caluisti amore,  
 Et pares sensim subiêre nymphæ

Pectora flammæ.

Adfuit ridens, Erycina, puris  
 Tuque cum tædis, Hymenæe, testes  
 Igne quàm fido colis Ipse nuptam,

Nupta maritum.

Dulcia experte ô fine felle amoris  
 Jam fave, Lenæe pater, vocanti;  
 Et fuga sævum nimis ulceroso

Corde Tyrannum !

Tum

Tum tuo gratus meditans honores  
 Numini haud parcos calices litabo,  
 Luce dum Sol exoriens rubentem

Pingit Olympum ;

Cumque mî pectus calet, altiori  
 Te canam plectro, numeros puellæ  
 Lesbæ, vel dulce sequens Sabini

Carmen Oloris)

Ad

Ad CAROLUM B.....

**A**TRA curarum minuens Geneva  
Occidit duro nimium statuto

Pellici & Vati malè consulenti

Parliamenti :

Utilis mœchæ fuit & Poëtæ ;

Sprevit hinc Vates Dolopum catervas ;

Mœcha *Gonforum* tetricâ minantem

Fronte laborem.

Solvitur justas Druria in querelas,

Per Coventini spatia ampla & Horti

Plangor auditur, gemitusque, tunsa &

Pectora palmis.

*Talbotam*



*Talbotam* fortuna premet ; relinquent

*Carlesfis* quondam miseræ Penates

*Douglasa & Johnson* duo pervicacis

Fulmina linguæ.

*Penna* inornatis queritur capillis ;

Se super caro dolet esse succo

*Hilla, Plumarum* cyathisque versis

Hospita inœret.

*Pellicum* grata ô ! superis & imis,

Jam vale longumque vale inter omnes

Eminens succos, veluti *Pedestres*

*Fanny* puellas ;

Dulce *Plumarum* decus & columna,

*Fanny*, seu *Brimstona* probas vocari !

Impudens, apta & Veneri, & jocofo

Apta Lyæo.

Suave

Suave *Grubæi* doluere Cygni,  
Dulce tam fudère melos canentes,  
Ut forent Ipsi moribundi acerbâ

Morte Genevæ.

O vitro fons splendidior Pœfis !  
Tu dabas Ignemque animumque Vati,  
Tu dabas sacros, pereunſque tolles

Mente furores.

Quis chori nunc Pierii superſtes  
Flebit abſentem Laribus Britannis  
——, dum gens patienter audit

Fœminæ habenas ?

Quis ſimul liquit Batavûm Penates  
Vota Neptuno pia fundet ? almam  
Quis Thetin pinget vigili tuentem

Numine puppim ?

Quis

Quis canet Regem litui tubæque

Ludicra & ficti simulacra belli

Quem juvant, stat dum innocuas tremendus

Ante Cohortes?

Albion quam confiliis *Roberti*

Floret! en! ut pacificis *Horati*

Artibus Mavors agitur beatis

Finibus Exul.

Aureum genti redit en! Britannæ

Sæculum; tuti volitant per æquor,

Nec truces nostri metuunt ut olim

Navitæ Iberos.

Quis Lyræ pollens patiensque Phœbi

Posteris hæc ancipiti legenda

Det fide? vani procul exulate

Mente timores:

*Gibber* en ! grato superest labori,  
 Carus argutæ Fidicen *Thaliæ*,  
 Lucidum nostræ columnæque, spesque

Unica laurus.

Concinet majore Poëta placido  
 ———, quandoque calens furore  
 Gestiet circa thalamum ferire

Calce galerum ;

Concinet faustos Britonas, capacem  
 Confili mentem *Carolinæ*, *Iulium*  
 Martium, at patrem minimè sequentem

Passibus æquis.

Cum premet gesta & *Gulielmi*, & *Annæ*,  
 Invidis ætas tenebris, *Camænam*  
*Collii*, nostra & pariter stupebunt

Sæcla Nepotes.

By

By a FRIEND,

A COPY of VERSES on BETTY CLOSE'S  
coming to the Town, humbly addressed to all  
Ladies of Pleasure of the Year 1736.

**M**OURN every Nymph, whom Providence has  
(left

Of all, but your Celestial Charms, bereft :

Who barter Beauty for the Lust of Gold,

And like a Place at Court are to be sold ;

To Age, or Impotence, your Charms betray,

A Lump of dull inanimated Clay,

To Sharpers, Coxcombs, 'Prentices, or Beaus,

(For Womenkind have neither Friends, nor Foes)

Exhaust with all your Arts each languid Vein,

'Till not one genial Drop of Lust remain !

Fair \* *Preftland* comes ; inferior Beauties fly !  
A *Hellen* cannot with a *Venus* vie.

Scatter like Mifts before the Rifing Sun !  
The faireft Nymph will be but laft undone.

*Clarke* muft live chafte, and perjur'd † *Latimore*  
Shall ceafe to clap Mankind, that is—— to whore.  
Peace to Thy Afhes, fair unhappy Shade !  
By Beauty ruin'd, and to Vice betray'd ;  
Who fell an early Sacrifice to Luft,  
And now what once the World ador'd—— is Duft.  
Here ‡ *Delia* claims a tributary Tear,  
With Frailty modeft, tho' a Whore, fincere ;  
Contented with the Charms that Nature gave,  
She made Mankind Her Momentary Slave ;  
Like forward Fruit was blafed in Her Bloom,  
Whofe Wit, and Beauty, found an early Tomb.

\* Her Husband's Name.

† She died this Winter, in the 23d Year of her Age.

‡ *Nanny Featherftone*, who died this Winter, in the 20th Year of her Age, very much lamented by all Gentlemen of Pleafure.

Ye

Ye Deities ! whom perjur'd Lovers flight,  
 From such a Fate preserve unhappy *Knight*,  
 Whose pleasing Form and Merit might suffice,  
 To charm the sordid Wretch that gain'd the Prize ;  
 Who far from Pity, triumphs in his Guilt,  
 And boasts o'er Wine the Virgin Blood he spilt.

Now *Cox* but with diminish'd Rays will shine,  
 And own fair *Presland's* Beauty more divine ;  
*Roberts* will curse all Whores, nor spare e'en *Carter*,  
 From worn-out *Careless* to fair *Kitty Walker* ;  
 Aspiring *Antony* will drop her Crest,  
 And condescend for Shillings to be blest.  
 Thus when bright *Venus* glides along the Sky,  
 Celestial Beauties from Her Presence fly,  
 Immortal Deities Her Charms adore,  
 And own with Envy Her superior Power.

Let the Fair Sex, whom peevish Honour calls  
 To guard their Virtue in Enchanted Walls,  
 From Her Example learn : When Nature gave  
 Pride to command, and Beauty to enslave,  
 She never meant it like the Miser's Store,  
 To keep in Plenty the Possessors poor ;  
 But let their Charms shine o'er the conquer'd Ball,  
 And be Ador'd, Enjoy'd, and Lov'd by All.

When thus apply'd, to whomfoe'er 'tis given,  
 Beauty's the Blessing, else the Curse of Heaven.

In



IN OBITUM ELIZABETHÆ CLOSE,  
Salacis Memoriae.

**D**ECUS Puellarum & Juvenum dolor  
Me, *Cloſa*, poſcis tendere barbiton,  
Maneſque carmen luſtuoſum  
Sollicitant pretioſiores.

Miniftra Divæ ſedula Cypræ  
Heu! *Cloſa*, vitæ in limine concidis,  
Libido cui famam perennem  
Idaliâ peperit palæſtrâ.

Jaces feretro frigida, pallida,  
Sed morte in ipſâ lubrica conſpici;  
O præcoci direpta fato!  
O Paphio magis apta ludo!

**Videre**

Videre flentem jam videor comis  
 Passis Ministram, jam manibus piis  
 Cădaver ornantem cupressi.  
 Fronde nigră, fragilique myrto.

Amoris olim ô ! prodiga, & abstinens  
 Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ !  
 Laudanda Pellex ! rara Virtus,  
 Druricolis veneranda Nymphis !

O ! si Senator, si similis tui  
 Aurum irretorto lumine viderat,  
 Non gens doleret pressa, rerum et  
 Candidior remearet ordo.

Vitale flumen dum roseâ genas  
 Pinxit juventă, pulcrior in tuos  
 Vix ivit amplexus, Adoni,  
 Idaliis Erycina lucis.

Vultu

Vultu benigno dum tibi riferit  
Fortuna, dum te sollicita ambiit

Pubes, & exultans catenis  
Molliculis requievit ulnis;

*Bartona* non te clarior extitit;  
Non floruit te *Coxa* beatior  
Quanquam *Coventinum* per *Hortum*  
Egit Equos volucremque currum;

Quæ nunc decenni trita libidine  
Tandem recumbit Conjugis in sinu;  
Feliciorem te sed atro  
Styx novies cohibet fluento.

Heu! cogit omnes dura necessitas:  
Formosa multi nominis occidit  
*Clevelanda*, nec *Gwynnam* valebat  
Angliaco placuisse Regi.

**Merfa**

Merfa est acerbo funere fanguinis

*Vanella* clari, nec grave spiculum

Averteret fati Machaon,

Nec madido *F*——— Ore.

Atqui priorum nunc meretricibus

Te, *Clofa*, mifces temporum, & Angliam

Oftendis almam matrem Amoris

Posthabitâ coluiſſe *Cypro*;

Te *Laïs* olim nobilis, invido

Te nata *Ledâ* lumine conſpicit,

Te ſumma formâ, ſumma ſceptro

Niliaci *Cleopatra* regni.

Te ſæpe ſanam, ſemper amabilem

Morti vetabit cedere *Pieris*,

Sed fleta, ſed ſecura famæ

Per *Juvenum* volitabis ora.

I,

I, clara pellex, utere honoribus !

I, clara pellex, sat tibi vixeris !

*Haywarda* te flet, te fidelis

*Befwicius* Veneris sacerdos.

O umbra felix ! temne volubilis

Jam tuta sortis nubila, Drurizæ

Morbosque spectans & dolores

Elysiis miserêre Campis.

Ad

Ad THOMAM G . . . . .

**O** SÆPE mecum sollicitudines  
 Mulcens Lyæi munere candidi  
 Bacchate, donec sol resurgens  
 Æthereis radiabat arvis,

*Thoma* meorum prime sodalium !  
 Ex quo relictis non bene poculis  
 Arcebar à Grantâ feroces  
 Myrmidonum fugiens catervas.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio  
 Me rure clausit, jam nimium diu !  
 Dum tu revivis multùm amatæ  
 Fumum, & opes, strepitumque Romæ

Jam

Jam forte felix, quærere distuli  
 Quo more fallis tempora, nam reor  
 Te non inertem, five fontes  
 Pieriæ studiosus artis

Sanctos recludis, seu Genium mero  
 Curas sodales inter amabiles,  
 Seu te virentem suadet æstus  
 Idalias iterare pugnæ.

Fortuna si nunc ridet amicior,  
 Condat nitentem mox nebulis diem ;  
 Mortalis ævi horæque pennâ  
 Aufugiunt trepidante solvi:

Ergo caducæ quisquis erit color  
 Vitæ, benignâ munera seu manu  
 Fortuna fundat, seu malignâ  
 Quæ dederit rapiat ; dolores

H

Donis

Donis Lyæi pellere Gallici  
 Memento, sed si difficilis negat  
 Crumena, succum Lufitanæ  
 Purpureum bibe gratus uvæ.

Nec herba defit clarus ab ultimjs  
 Vati *Ralæus* quam bene consulens  
 Deduxit Indis, Ipse Vates,  
 Castaliæ decus Ipse turbæ ;

Mufis, jocofo caraque Libero  
 O Herba falve ! Carmine nobili  
 Cantata *Tbori*, largè Apollo  
 Quem geminâ decoravit arte.

Ad



Ad GOTHOFREDUM C.....

**R**ECTIUS vivit, *Gothofrede*, nympham  
 Qui videt formosam oculo irretorto,

Corda qui gestat Veneris domari

Nescia telis;

Ille securus roseam videri

Speſtet *Howardam*, facileſve riſus

*Browniæ*, vel te, *Catharina*, pubis

Cura Britannæ.

Integer (ſi mens eadem fuiſſet)

*Sylviam* fictâ caluiſſe flammâ

Senſeram, nec ſurpuerat mihi me

Fulgor Ocelli;

H 2

Sed

Sed parum cautus perii tuendo ;  
Mutuam linguæque fidem voventis  
Combibi gratum malè fascinatâ

Aure venenum.

Te parens rerum nimio decore  
Prodiga ornavit ; tibi, pulcra pellex,  
Cederet Daphne peramata Phœbo,

Gnosis Iaccho ;

Te fimul pleno, Juvenum, theatro  
Turba, fulfisti, coluit, secuta est  
Te nimis latè Cypriæque matris

Signa ferentem.

Angliâ plures meditans triumphos  
Galliam victâ celebras, timentque  
Jam levem nymphæ tua ne retardet

Aura Juventam.

Sis

Sis tamen felix ubicunq̃ue vivis !

Immemor quamvis malefida nostri es,

Nec Dionæis cruciata curas

Corda sagittis,

Forfitan te nunc viridem puella

Mutua torret, *Gothofrede*, flammâ,

Unico gaudens, Paphiæque jam nunc

Cruda palæstræ ;

Hanc finu mulces nimium fidei

Igne languescens, vacuumque credis

Fraude, juratos toties timentem &

Fallere Divos ;

Perfidam sed mox alio calere

Senties, ventisque fidem dolebis

Traditam, & mollem vario fugatum

Pectore amorem.

Occupet nomen Juvenis beati  
 Qui manet votis presibique mentes  
 Surdior ponto, atque agitante pontum

Surdior Euro.

Fœmina ô solâ levitate constans !  
 Me fat unius docuêre fraudes  
 Quàm graves vel sub placido laterent

Æquore rupes.

Ite spes blandæ teneræque, dulces  
 Ite languores alimenta flammæ !  
 Non Deo cedam redimire amanti

Tempora myrto ;

Sed furens suadet quoties libido,  
 Druriæ vel me accipient tabernæ,  
 Aut parùm fanis domus *Oliveræ*

Nota puellis.

Ad

Ad SEXTUM.

**O** QUI frequentes forte beator  
 Maligna quam mî fata negaverint,  
 Amice, Romam, nocte gaudens  
 Cum Sociis madidis Lyæo !

Quamquam in remotâ parte Britanniae  
 Me fors locavit, conspicit exerens  
 Se Phoebus undis & recumbens  
 Usque tui memorem & tuorum.

Nunc forte pellex Incola Druriae  
 Vici sagittam misit ab angulo  
 Victoriae secura, nigro  
 Crine decens, roseoque vultu ;

Quo

Quo te beatum vulnere cogitans  
 Ictus medullas dulce periculum  
 Sectaris, incedens per Ignes  
 Suppositos cineri doloſo.

Parcus Diones cultor & infrequens  
 Libo capaces jam cyathos Deo  
 Cui Nyſa ridet, cui Falernus,  
 Et Siculi placuere colles.

Mox læta ſuadent munera perfidæ  
 Oblivionem ducere *Sylvia*,  
 Regina quam fovit Cytheræ  
 Perniciem Juvenum decoram.

Quàm penè Ocelli languor amabilis,  
 Collumque certans Threïcia nive  
 Me victimam duxit volentem  
 Idalias periturum ad aras!

Sed

Sed Liber almo numine consulens

Periclitanti, me mihi reddidit,

Præsens Dionæos calores,

Et tetricas remove curas.

Ad

Ad MACRUM.

JAM Granta variis sat lacrymis dedit,  
 Tenentque mutas jam salices lyras  
 Donata quas nuper ciebat  
 Sera nimis *Carolina* cœlo.

Si mi dedisset Cynthus Ingeni,  
 Regina, vires, alite surgerem,  
 Ferremque virtutes stupendas  
 Perpetuâ super astra famâ.

Te floruerunt te miserabiles  
 Musæ secundâ (credite Posteris)  
 Languens & crexit decoram  
 Religio, tua cura, frontem :

Vates



Vates revinctus tempora laurea,  
 Dulcisque testis fistula *Duckii*;  
 Doctusque *Præsul Bristolensis*  
 Grande decus columenque mitra.

Exosa luxum quid tibi profuit  
 Regalium & mens deliciarum egens?  
 Congesta non auri talenta  
 Multa brevem Dominam sequentur.

Cedis coemptâ Socraticâ domo,  
 Villisque purus quas *Thamesis* lavit;  
 Antrumque venalis relinquis  
 Materiam sterilem *Camœnæ*.

Regina, magnæ fit tamen hoc tui  
 Solamen umbræ: nobilis audies  
 Ecclesiæ tutela, temnens  
 Arbitrium popularis auræ, &

Vindex

Vindex Minervæ strenua ; quamdiù  
 Cami fluentum Pierides colent,  
 Carmenque *Ducki* per virorum  
 Nobilium volitabit ora.

Rumpent sorores stamina luridæ ;  
 Amice, te mox accipiet ratis  
 Charontis invisâ, & subibis  
 Tartareas levis umbra fedes.

Extractum Avaro quid misero invides  
 Thesaurum ? inanes quid titulos stupes ?  
 Mutare nec fati tenorem,  
 Nec valeant relevare curas.

Non est tuum, si fors furit improba,  
 Infanienti cedere turbini ;  
 Innixus at virtute acerbas  
 Sperne minas ; validum ingruenti

Oppone pectus fortiter æquori ;  
 Fugata demùm nubila senties,  
 Fluctus recumbent, & nitebit  
 Mox radio meliore Phœbus.

Hoc pascè mentem consilio, tui  
 Potensque vivas forte beatior,  
 Quam si Tyranni possideres  
 Divitias operosiores.

I

I N-

INCERTI AUTHORIS.

Ad RUFILLUM.

**O** QUI potenti fortior Hercule  
 Nocturna misces praelia ! cui Venus  
 Penem fatigari dolentem, &  
 Indomitos dedit alma Clunes !

Quæ Thamefis te propter aquas Patris  
 Puella dulci jam fovet in Sinu ?

Quæ jam *Rufilli* proruentis  
 In Venerem tolerare Pondus

Virago gaudet ? num tibi pinguior  
*Susanna* Pubem subjicit horridam ?

An mollis implumem *Mariæ*  
 Cunniculum penetrare tentas ?

Nim.

Nimis beatus ! quem neque Gaudia

Incepta Licet rumpere ~~gossione~~

Perturbat immitis, vetatve

Appositam tetigisse Vulvam.

Deserta moeret Druria Pellices

Raptas ; abactos plus vice simplici

Greges Puellarum ~~Ipse~~ flevit

*Nedhamia* Veneris Sacerdos ;

Quin & Ministras, Diva potens, tuas

Clausere diri Carcere Judices ;

Et Cannabem trivere Palmæ

Proh Pudor ! ad meliora natæ.

Puella, grato quæ modo verbere

Inguen ciebat non bene pertinax,

Haud ludicrum tandem nefandi

Carnificis timet Ipsa Flagrum.

Deserta rerum Vulva Parens dolet,  
 Mutatque notas Exilio Domus,  
 Hortosque devitat Jacobi,  
 Et latebras pudibunda quærit.

Ergo furentes irrita Mentulas  
 Tentigo rumpet ? non ita ; nam mihi  
 Quod Vulva non præbet Levamen,  
 Dextra dabit facilis petenti.

M E R E -

MERETRICES BRITANNICÆ.

QUAM canam, Lenæ Pater, Puellam  
Galliæ vinis, Cyathisve Oportet

Fervidus, cujus resonent jocosa

Pocula Nomen ?

Aut in obscœnis Druræ Tabernis,

Aut ubi Vico Rosa Bridgienti

Pullulat Nympham temere insequenti

Nota Juyentæ,

Arte maternâ rigida domantem

Mentulæ Vires, agilique Clupe

Et Manu blandâ elicere intumenti

Inguine Semen ?

Quid prius dicam solitis optimæ  
 Laudibus *Guinnæ*, *Caroli* tremendum  
 Quæ manu penem variisque Sceptrum

Gesserat Horis?

Nec tuæ Noctes Tenebris prementur  
 Invidis *Cleveland*; neque Te filebo  
 Præliis audax, metuenda certo

Vulnere *Sally*.

Pellices dicam *BATAVAS*, potentem hanc  
 Parieti obnixis superare Lumbis,  
 Hanc Toro, cujus simul atra Regi

Vulva pateret,

Et Nates Lectum quaterent, Cubile  
 Perfidum magno crepuit Fragore  
 Ruptum, & ingenti tremuere——

Membræ Pavore.

Mox



Mox retro cedens agitatus Humor  
Fugit ad sedes pavidus relictas ;  
Et minax (sic Dii voluêre) Regis

Cauda recumbit.

*Douglasam* post has prius, an quietos  
*Talbotæ* mores memorem, an salaces  
*Browniæ* Fasces, dubito, an *Floïdæ*

Nobile Lethum;

*Heathias*, *Howam*, nimiumque Linguae  
Prodigam Vino superante *St. George*  
Gratus undanti referam culullo,

*Westberiamque*.

Hanc, & incompitis *Loviam* Capillis  
Utilem Rixæ tulit, atque *Hoperam*  
Sæva Paupertas dubiique Patris

Tetra Libido.

Crescit

Crescit occultum Luis ut Venenum  
*Gumliæ* Nomen, micat inter omnes  
*Fama Dav'nportæ* veluti *Tabernas*

*Luna* minores.

Alma Scortorum, <sup>que</sup> *Druidæ* Custos  
 Orta Neptuno ! tibi, *Cura pulchre*  
*Carlesis* Fatis data, tu *secunda*

*Carlese* regnos :

Illa, seu pubem tenuit catenis  
 Pulvere albentes humeros, amictum,  
*Indiæ* aut *Navis* domuit, *Magistrum*

Merce beatum

Te minor nostro dominetur, Orbi,  
 Læta tu Sedes *Paphias* revives,  
 Dum tuis *Illa* *Auspiciis* *Britannum*

Subjicit Orbem.

A.

*A. A. ad J. K. M. D.*

EPITHALAMIUM.

**K**——, ni mendax mihi falsa mittit  
 Friendus, ex mœcho fieri maritus  
 Cogeris, partemque agit usitatae

*Pellicis Uxor.*

Quidni ego læter tibi gratulari  
 Conjugi Conjux? Ego qui reliqui,  
 Connubi Causâ, Patriam Domumque ux-

*orius Exul.*

Dum Sales spargunt lepidi Sodales  
 Te super vel me, cuperem interesse  
 Magna pars Risûs; sed ab hoc acerbâ

*Lege remotus*

*Per-*

~~Perfruer~~ dulci alloquio pudicæ

Osculis sponsæ placidoque vultu,

Nec vidit sponsum mage amantem amatumve

Ætherius Sol.

Mille mî præter Paphia in palæstra

Gaudia ; at quod tu ingrediêre castra,

Quæ fuit Causa ante Helenam duelli,

Unica Causa est.

Estne qui cunctos quot amant Mathefin

Inter, ô Ductor Greg's, estne qui Te

Rectius novit, vel acutiori

Lustrat Ocello

Siderum Motus ? Tibi si qua proles

Nascitur, quicquid minitentur Astra,

Quid ferant læti, docilis futuri

Ante videbis.

Et

Et tuos si quis Thalamos Adulter  
 Scandere optaret, vetet Ars & ~~Aether~~  
 Improbos Ausus, & inermis effo, &

Incolumis Frons.

Quare age, & totis licitè Diebus  
 Noctibus totis Veneri litato,  
 Nullum opus Sylvæ, aut recubare fabter

Tegmina Fagi.

Interim quicquid Vetulæ aut Puellæ  
 Garriant, ne te Jecur intus angat :  
 Sed domi sistens, ede, lude, pota, &

Temne quod ultra est

Sis amans Sponsæ, & mea si valent quid  
 Vota, sis felix : sed iniqua si fors  
 Dempferit primam ; mora nulla, Sponsam

Sume secundam.

Est

Est (ubi nōsti) bene pasta Virgo,  
 Cuilibet sat par oneri ferendo ;  
 Ipse quam, sed mī meliora Divi,

Ducere rebar.

Hanc cape, & nostro ex lōculo repente  
 Æra bis centum accipies & ultra :  
 Neminem tali nisi te Procorum

Dote beabo.

A.

*A. A. . . . . J. T. . . . . S.*

**T**E Senatorum Numero inferendum

Sponte suffragor : Quis enim loquendi

Artibus pollet magis, aptiorvè est

Condere Leges?

Sed per immensum Oceanum, & Liquores

Mille fulcanda est via : multa Fumi

Nubila erumpent, fluitansque Rivo

Alla perenni.

Quo salutandi Titulo modoque

Ordines nôsti Procerum, ambiendus

Quo fit aut Sartor Laniusvè Ritu,

Forte docendus.

**K**

**Dexteram**

Dexteram Dextræ, sed onustam inani  
 Junge, (Res magni!) neque fastuosus  
 Temne nudato Capite ante tectos

Stare Colonos.

Disce Responsum rude, disce Scomma  
 Perpeti, & Plebem stupidè insolentem,  
 Forsque narrantem graviora veris

Crimina de te.

Quos tibi vinum potiorvè Pellex  
 Junxerit, Fratres sapiens adopta;  
 Sed Patrem ante omnes venerare Brownum,

Brownigenosque.

Proderit multùm Jocus, & joculari  
 Scito te, cum das Colaphum, datumvè  
 Sustines gnarè, patuloque tollis

Ore Cachinum.

Qu.



## [ III ]

Quid pudens Virgo, quid ~~et~~ impudica

Expetit, notum tibi sat superque :

Hæ tibi ad partes, (facilis vocata

Turba !) vocentur.

Basium si fors Anus optat, ah ! ne

Respuas ; nam quot Vetulæ falaci

Gaudia impertis, tibi tot rependet.

Grata Trineptis.

Hæc Ego vestri studiosus usque

Commodi raptim Documenta mitto :

Quid Senatorem decet, ornat, effert,

Post moniturus.

K 2

Festum

*Festum Lastrale, sive Baptizatio Rustica.*

**S**OLENNES ritus, puerumque aspergine lymphæ  
 Sacratum superis, obstetricemque facetam,  
 Hic canere incipimus: Faveat Lucina canenti;  
 Tuque harum adjutrix curarum & conscia Juno!

Jam decima humentes aurora fugaverat umbras,  
 Ex quo maternis infans vagtisset in ulnis:  
 Nec mora, vicini coeunt; jam dedita ventri  
 Pars puerum sacra properant conspergere lymphâ.  
 Interea pendent opera interrupta, ligoque  
 Stat medio defixus agro, spinosaque sepes  
 Semiputata manus agrestis poscit; at ille  
 Jam paxat, ut fociis cultus conviva colonis  
 Interfit; juvat hunc disponere in ordine crines;  
 Compositum conjux aptat collare marito.

Nec

Nec minus ipsa sibi curat sua sponsa, tumentes  
 Constringit vinculis costas, fingitque premendo ;  
 Quamque suis nevit manibus, circumdata lana est.  
 Componit vestes, tremulamque in vertice conum  
 Erigit, & farris confpergit pulvere crines.

Pars pedes ire parat campis ; parsque ardua tardis  
 Fertur equis ; unâque armati calce fatigant  
 Quadrupedes ; lumbos onerat pinguissima conjux :  
 Post equitem cura alma sedens, similisque cadenti,  
 Sæpe premit tutum tremebunda ad pectora sponsum :  
 Ille sibi pondus commissum reddere terræ  
 Gaudet, & optatas tandem contingere portas.

Jam subeunt thalamum, fociasque puerpera matres :  
 Excipit ; illa humeros albo velamine cincta est,  
 Et sedet in molli plumis suffulta sedili.  
 Matronæ spectant puerum ; juvat ora tueri,  
 Et versare manu, nasumque agnoscere patris,  
 Majorumque genas, & blandos matris ocellos.

Tunc avia has rumpit placido de pectore voces :  
 Si patrem memini puerum, sic ora ferebat,  
 Et sic ridebat teneris nutricis in ulnis.  
 Altera spes aviæ furgas, meliora parente  
 Arva colas, mediâque olim luctator arenâ  
 Subvertas juvenes ; tum parto indute galero  
 Ibis ovans, tacitosque accendes Phyllidis ignes.  
 At si larga meis flavescat messis in arvis,  
 Nostraque longævo placeat sententia sponso,  
 Tu nunquam attrito proscindas arva ligone,  
 Nec subigas tauros ; sed grandior Aldermannus  
 Urbani incedes tardus post pondera sceptri.

Laudant propositum matres, & provida Mopsa  
 Destinât æquævæ jam nunc connubia natæ.

Tandem procedunt matres, quas intereuntes  
 Infantiem manibus gestat Lucina tenellum,

Quem

Quem circumfuso nutrix ornaverat ostro,  
 Demissâque stolâ pedibus, quâ Battus & omnes  
 A Batto soliti natos decorare recentes.  
 Tum subeunt templum, sacrumque ex ordine fontem  
 Supplicibus cingunt genibus, gelidamque sacerdos  
 Spargit aquam, puero nomenque imponit avitum.  
 Flet puer, & vetulæ gaudentes omine fausto  
 Non dubitant longam ex fletu prædicere vitam.

At domus interea luxu decoratur agresti :  
 Disponunt famuli lances, luteasque patellas,  
 Ornamenta abaci veteris, qui mole suâ stat  
 Ligno compositus sculpto. Tum lintea mensæ,  
 Lintea ficulnis imponunt candida quadris.  
 Pendula detergunt, quæ fixit aranea, fila ;  
 Bibliaque à nitidis tollunt antiqua fenestris,  
*Durfeique* modos, quos roserat esuriens mus.  
 Idem ardor fervos stimulat, quæis cura culinæ,  
 Accendunt ignem, verubusque affigere longis

Terga

Terga bovis properant, manibusque calentia versant.

Parte aliâ tepidum fumos emittit ahenum.

O genti alituum lux exitiosa ! Columba

Amisfos queritur tectorum in culmine fortus ;

Solaque neglectos errat gallina per hortos.

Illi cura penum struere, & spectabile pruno

Hæc miscet fartum ; farrisque hæc moenia condit.

Illâ parte puer cultros in limine primo

Exacuit ; multa absistit scintilla metallo :

Fervet opus, suavi redolet nidore culina.

Hæc inter famuli variè properantur, & omnis

Jam redit à templo conviva, epulisque paratis

Accumbit tacitus ; primâque in fede locatur

Obstetrix, crassoque gemit sub pondere sella,

Plena ipsâ ; tunc illa bovis famantia terga

Defecat in partes varias, mensamque per omnem.

Mittit, & agrestes dapibus lætantur optimis,

Vinaque de pleno ducunt pomacea cornu

Ridentes,

Ridentes, & sæpe calix redit actus in orbem  
Exhilarans animos, & corda oblita laborum.

Jam, Lucina, tui gliscunt incendia nati,  
Et linguâ incessis tardos mordace maritos,  
Ultra annos vultumque gerens, animumque facetum :

“ O pecus ignavum, sponsi, queis nullus in aulâ  
Ludit filiolus, nec dulcis filia, patrem  
Quæ recreet placidis redeuntem vespere nugis,  
Mistaque colloquiis puerilibus oscula jungat.  
Vos multi pueri, multæ sprevere puellæ,  
Dum luget vacuos prudens matrona penates.  
O utinam segnes premeret lex æqua maritos !  
Floreat ille pater, qui natis computat annos.  
Finierat ; calicemque arenti gutture plenum  
Siccat, & hoc hausto nondum satiata recedit ;  
Interiore domo matresque oblectat hiantes,  
Secreta obscuris pandens mysteria verbis,

Et

Et steriles damnans campos : procul ite puellæ,  
 Fas nulli innuptæ Lucinæ audire labores.  
 Non pudet opprobriis sponfos illudere, culpas  
 Vicinæ arcanas alio sub nomine celat,  
 Fœmineamque jubet præstare silentia turbam.

Exiit interea vestes, cunisq̃ue reponit  
 Infantem nutrix. En parvum machina lectum  
 Continet objectu laterum ; mirabere costas  
 Vimine candenti textas, & pensile tegmen  
 Obductum capiti, lædat ne pulvis ocellos,  
 Subjectosque pedes, quæis machina mobilis una  
 Itque reditque viâ, somnumque invitat eundo.  
 Flet puer interea, cantat blandissima nutrix,  
 Atque imperfectis lallat cunale loquelis.  
 Nec potis est molli fletum compescere cantu,  
 Quin puerum è cunis tollat, mammaeque ministret,  
 Suppeditetve cibum, proprio quem versat in ore  
 Ipsa prius, gustuque alieno pascitur infans.

Haud



Haud aliter fruges dispersas colligit arvis  
 Ales, & ore refect pullis crepantibus, illi  
 Escam avidè captant, & bianti gutture eundunt.

At juvenes, puero dederant qui nomina, libant  
 Oscula virginibus repetita ; est flamma medullas  
 Mollis, & innocuos læti meditantur amores.  
 Agricolaë multâ traherent convivia nocte,  
 Ni jam fuaderent fulgentia fidera somnos.  
 Surgunt convivæ ; Corydon tamen ipse moratur,  
 Continuatque scyphos ; sedet, æternumque sedebit,  
 Ni moveat solitas conjux fidissima lites.  
 Discedunt hilares ; baculo hic vestigia firmat,  
 Conjugis implicitam tenet ille uxorijs ulnam.

Tum pater exultans dictis compellat euntes ;  
 Ite, valete omnes ! tandem redeunte Decembri,

(Ni

(Ni fallar) pulchram pariet mea Lydia natam,  
 Vosque reverfuro feftum renovabitis anno.  
 Rident matronæ, votisque his omnia firmant,  
 “ Stet domus, & fimili frondefcet prole quotannis.

*To the* AUTHOR, *on the* LADIES *Subscription for His* ENGLISH POEMS.

**H**OW shall the Muse a grateful Tribute bring,  
 Or Numbers worthy of their Favour sing !  
 Who, touch'd with Pity at a Friend's Distress,  
 Have, by their Bounty, made his Sorrow less.

Since Blooming Beauties of the *British* Isle  
 Will condescend to cast on Wit a Smile,  
 Let *Petit-maitres* languish in Despair,  
 Nor longer boast the Favours of the Fair.

Now *Shakespeare's* Scenes by Modern *Belles* revive,  
 And teach the charming Sex with Taste to live ;  
 Impartial Reason will Their Actions guide,  
 And make each Blushing Maid a Happy Bride.

Gay

Gay Toasts shall learn to flight Embroider'd Beaus,  
And chuse a Husband for his Sense,—not—Cloaths,

In vain mad Poets boast the Sacred Nine,  
Implore their Aid each Sentence to refine,  
Except the Fair their flowing Verse approve,  
And learn from moving Strains the Art of Love.

E'en *Phæbus*' self might with his Lyre unstrung,  
Since *Daphne* wou'd not listen when He sung.

Your Muse has met a more Auspicious Fate,  
To please, tho' sinking under Fortune's Weight ;  
For sure that Book must be secure of Fame,  
Which bears a *Portland's* and a *Dashwood's* Name.

T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of*  
*Peter-house in Cambridge.*

*London, Apr. 21, 1738.*

*The*

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*The Story of ARISTÆUS, Translated from  
the Fourth Georgic of VIRGIL.*

SAD *Aristæus* left fair *Tempe's* Field,  
His Bees (as Fame reports) by Famine kill'd,  
Fast by old *Peneus'* sacred Fount he stood,  
And thus bespake the Daughter of the Flood :  
Mother *Cyrene*, deep whose Dwelling lies  
Beneath these Waves conceal'd from mortal Eyes,  
If (as thou boastest) sprung from Race divine,  
And *Phæbus* be the Author of my Line,  
Why am I thus by adverse Fates oppress'd ?  
Is Love quite banish'd from my Mother's Breast ?  
Why didst thou promise me the bright Abodes,  
And bid me hope to mingle with the Gods ?  
Since thus distress'd I breathe the vital Air,  
In vain my Flocks and Fields engag'd my Care ;

My Hopes, by Labour rais'd, forlorn I see,  
 And mourn my Glory lost, though sprung from thee.  
 Let loose thy Rage, my Herd with Plagues destroy,  
 With nipping Blasts my tender Fruit annoy,  
 Lay waste my Vineyards, and my Harvests burn,  
 If thus my growing Fame provokes thy Scorn.

*Cyrene* heard, with Nymphs encircl'd round,  
 The Voice of Mourning pierce the vast Profound ;  
 The Wheel employ'd their Hours, each Distaff fraught  
 With purple Wool, from rich *Miletus* brought ;  
*Drymo* and *Xantho*, and *Lygea* fair,  
 And young *Phyllodoce* with flowing Hair,  
*Thalia* blooming, *Spio* bright as Day,  
*Nesæe* soft, *Cymodice* the gay,  
*Cydippe* and *Lycorias*, one remains  
 A Maid, and one had felt a Mother's Pains,  
*Clio* and *Beroe* both from Ocean sprung,  
 Embroider'd Mantles o'er their Shoulders hung,

*Opis*

*Opis* the beauteous, *Ephyre* the cold,  
*Deïopeïa* graceful to behold,  
 And *Arethusa* once that lov'd the Wood,  
 But now an azure Goddess of the Flood.  
 To these *Clymene* sung, in tuneful Strains,  
 The pleasing Thefts of *Mars*, and *Vulcan's* fruitless Pains,  
 And all the Loves of ev'ry God made known,  
 From ancient *Chaos* down to *Saturn's* Son.  
 While thus the Wheel they ply'd, she held the Throng  
 Fix'd in Attention to the warbled Song :  
 Again the Sound invades the moist Retreats,  
 Aghast the Nymphs forsake their chrystal Seats ;  
 But *Arethusa* rear'd her beauteous Head  
 Above the Waves, and thus from far she said :  
 Sister, thy Fears maternal Fondness show,  
 Not strange the Voice, nor common is the Woe ;  
 Thy *Aristæus*, once thy chiefest Care,  
 A Prey to Grief, and frantic with Despair,

On *Peneus*' Banks now stands with streaming Eyes,  
 And calls thee cruel with repeated Cries.  
 To whom *Cyrene* mov'd by fresh Alarms ;  
 Quickly, oh ! quickly give him to my Arms,  
 Safely the Youth deriv'd from heavenly Strain,  
 May view the Secrets of our wat'ry Reign.  
 This said, at once she bade the Waves divide ;  
 The Waves obsequious form on either Side  
 A liquid Wall ; the Youth with Awe descends,  
 And to his Mother's rocky Palace tends  
 Through Groves of Coral Walks, and with Amaze  
 The Wonders of the liquid Realms surveys :  
 He hears the Waters roar with vast Surprise,  
 And views the Springs whence mighty Rivers rise :  
*Phafis* and *Lycus* hence derive their Stores,  
 Here in his Urn profound *Enipeus* roars ;  
 Here yellow *Tybur* rears his awful Head,  
 And *Anio* murmurs in his oozy Bed :

Supplies



Supplies to *Hypanis* this Fountain yields,  
 From that *Caicus* leaves fair *Mysia's* Fields :  
 Here horn'd *Eridanus* first draws his Source,  
 The King of Floods, tumultuous in his Course,  
 Than whom no Stream more rapid cleaves the Plain,  
 Or rolls a larger Tribute to the Main.  
 Soon as he reach'd the Chamber arch'd with Stone,  
 And to his penfive Mother told his Moan,  
 The Nymphs attendant finest Towels bring,  
 And draw pure Waters from their hallow'd Spring ;  
 The loaded Board beneath the Banquet bends,  
 The Altar's Smoak in fragrant Clouds ascends.  
*Cyrene* now begins the Rites divine,  
 And to old *Ocean* pours *Mæonian* Wine ;  
 She then invokes the Nymphs that haunt the Woods,  
 Or keep the secret Caverns of the Floods ;  
 With Wine she sprinkl'd thrice the sacred Fire,  
 Thrice to the Roof the crackling Flames aspire ;  
Pleas'd

Pleas'd with so fair a Sign, *Cyrene* cheers  
 Her mournful Son, and thus dispels his Fears :  
 Where the *Carpathian* Billows roll their Tides,  
*Proteus* a venerable Seer resides ;  
 Borne in his Car he sweeps the briny Plains,  
 And scaly Coursers hearken to his Reins :  
 Now to *Emathia's* Port his Way he bends,  
 Or to his native Shore *Pallene* tends :  
 To him we Nymphs religious Homage pay,  
 And ancient *Nereus* owns his mighty Sway.  
 He knows things present can the past relate,  
 And what lies rip'ning in the Womb of Fate ;  
 Such *Neptune's* Will, whose finny Herds he keeps,  
 And feeds the various Monsters of the Deeps.  
 With Force surprize, and urge him to disclose  
 The latent Spring from whence thy Trouble flows.  
 Without Constraint He never lends his Aid,  
 No Prayers can move Him, and no Gifts persuade.

To

To bind him fast, thy utmost Care employ,  
 Superior Force will all his Wiles destroy.  
 Soon as the mid-day Sun inflames the Sky,  
 And Flocks from thirsty Plains to Covert fly,  
 Then will I lead thee to the dark Abode,  
 Where stretch'd in Sleep reclines the drowzy God.  
 But He when fetter'd, to excite thy Fear,  
 In Shapes of diff'rent Monsters will appear :  
 Now rage a Tyger, and now foam a Boar ;  
 Now hiss a Serpent, now a Lion roar,  
 Or strive in Flames his Freedom to regain,  
 Or slide in running Waters from the Chain.  
 But while He tries, all Arts undaunted stand,  
 And strain his Fetters with a stricter Hand,  
 'Till He resumes the Form without Disguise,  
 Such as when Sleep first fate upon his Eyes.  
 She spoke, and pour'd Ambrosia on his Head,  
 Soon through each Joint the heav'nly Fragrance spread,

Unusual Brightness in his Aspect shone,  
 And his Limbs felt a Vigour not their own.  
 Deep in a Mountain's Side a Cavern lay,  
 Beneath whose Brow the Waters form a Bay,  
 Where Ships by Tempests tofs'd securely ride,  
 Scorn the rough Winds, and brave the angry Tide.  
 The Goddess here conceal'd her Son from View,  
 While she, involv'd in sable Clouds, withdrew.  
 The raging Dog-star parch'd the *Indian* Plains,  
 The wither'd Herbage call'd for cooling Rains ;  
 The Noon-tide Sun intensely shot his Beams,  
 And scorch'd the Mud beneath the deepest Streams :  
 When *Proteus*, to avoid the sultry Heat,  
 Sought the known Covert of his cool Retreat ;  
 The scaly Monsters sport around his Car,  
 And from their Nostrils spout the briny Dews afar.  
 Soon on the Shore dissolv'd in Sleep they lie,  
 While He surveys them with a careful Eye :

Thus

Thus on a rising Hillock, to behold  
 His fleecy Care returning to the Fold,  
 The Shepherd stands, when Lambs at Close of Day  
 With bleating Cries provoke the Wolf to prey.  
 Scarce was the Prophet sunk in soft Repose,  
 But *Aristæus* from his Ambush rose :  
 Shouting he rush'd with Chains his Limbs t' invade ;  
 The wily Seer his usual Arts assay'd ;  
 Now to a Beast transforms his various Shape ;  
 Now strives in Fire, or Water, to escape.  
 Subdu'd at length, his magic Force was broke,  
 And, to Himself returning, thus He spoke :  
 What Pow'r, rash Youth, impell'd thee to explore  
 My dark Retreat, unknown to Man before ?  
 Thus unappall'd with Dread the Youth reply'd ;  
 Prophet, thou know'st my Bus'ness, and my Guide :  
 No mortal Art can wary *Proteus* cheat ;  
 Own thy self vanquish'd, and forego Deceit :

By .

By Heav'ns Command I come to seek thy Aid,  
 And learn the Cause from whence my Bees decay'd.  
 Thus said the Youth: — The Prophet glow'd with Ire,  
 And roll'd his Eyes, that darted livid Fire:  
 Then thus indignant spoke the Voice of Fate,  
 Some God pursues thee with uncommon Hate;  
 Great are thy Crimes; unless the Fates oppose  
 The Pray'rs of *Orpheus*, great will be thy Woes:  
 For thy Offence the guiltless Poet dy'd,  
 At thee He rages for his murder'd Bride;  
 For while the Nymph, to save her spotless Charms,  
 And shun Pollution, fled thy lustful Arms,  
 Along the River Side her Course she held,  
 Nor saw the Snake beneath the Grass conceal'd.  
 Her Fellow Nymphs on *Thracia's* frozen Shore  
 All bath'd in Tears her sudden Fate deplore;  
 The *Getes* and *Thracians* melt in tender Woe,  
 And the cold Streams of *Heber* mournful flow.

All

All o'er the naked Beach forlorn He strays,  
 And vents his Grief in sadly-moving Lays ;  
 On lost *Eurydice* his Song depends,  
 Which with the Day begins, and with it ends.  
 Fearless He seeks the Mansions void of Light,  
 The Regions wrapp'd in everlasting Night,  
 Where Ghosts abide, and grisly *Pluto* reigns,  
 Who ever deaf to human Pray'rs remains.  
 As through the dreary Gloom He pass'd along,  
 The gath'ring Spectres listen'd to his Song :  
 Not Birds, when forc'd by Night or wint'ry Storms,  
 Fly to the Woods in half such num'rous Swarms :  
 Babes, Virgins, Matrons, and the Warrior's Shade,  
 Charm'd by his Musick, thicken o'er the Glade ;  
*Cocytus* these encloses all around,  
 Black Mud, and nauseous Weeds, pollute the Ground,  
 The Waves of *Styx* in fable Mazes glide,  
 And thrice three times around 'em rolls their baleful Tide.

M

The

The lulling Sweetness of his heav'nly Strains  
 Chear'd for a while the melancholy Plains ;  
 The Furies' Snakes in painted Ringlets play,  
 Of Rage disarm'd the triple Monster lay ;  
*Ixion* charm'd, forgets his Pains to feel,  
 And stops the rapid Motion of his Wheel.  
 From Danger safe He leaves the Realms of Night,  
 And with his much-lov'd Wife returns to Light ;  
 She follows close behind him still unseen,  
 Such were the Orders of the *Stygian* Queen.  
 Just on the Confines of the upper Skies  
 He cast on fair *Eurydice* His Eyes ;  
 Small Fault ! ev'n *Pluto* might that Fault forego,  
 If aught like Pity mov'd the Gods below.  
 Vain were his Toils, and vain the Contract made,  
 Thrice roll'd the Thunder through the dreary Shade.  
 Then thus the Nymph : What Madness urg'd thee on ?  
 Ill-fated Man, alas ! we're both undone ;



The Fates recall me to the nether Skies,  
 And Sleep eternal seals my swimming Eyes.  
 A long, and last Farewel ! I'm thine no more,  
 Torn from thy Arms, I seek the *Stygian* Shore.  
 This said, like Smoak she vanish'd from his Sight,  
 Rapt to the Shades of everlasting Night.  
 Quick from her rosy Cheeks the Life-blood fled,  
 She cross'd the Stream, and mingl'd with the Dead.  
 Unmov'd by Pray'rs relentless *Charon*-stood,  
 Nor more would waft Him o'er the *Stygian* Flood.  
 And now what moving Story can He tell ?  
 What Strains invent to sooth the Pow'rs of Hell ?  
 Full Sev'n long Moons He rov'd o'erwhelm'd with Woe,  
 Where *Strymon's* Waves in chrystal Windings flow ;  
 The soften'd Tygers round the Poet play,  
 And bending Oaks hang list'ning to his Lay :  
 Thus, when a Swain has robb'd her of her Young,  
 Sad *Philomela* chaunts her plaintive Song ;

All Night her tuneful Sorrow fills the Glade,  
 And warbles mournful through the Poplar Shade.  
 A desert, solitary Life He led,  
 Cold to the Transports of the genial Bed ;  
 O'er *Thracia's* Mountains, ever white with Snows,  
 Or o'er the Fields where silver *Tanais* flows,  
 Lonely He roam'd, unmov'd by Beauty's Charms,  
 And mourn'd his Love twice ravish'd from his Arms.  
 Fir'd with Revenge, the *Bacchanalian* Throng  
 Rush'd on the Bard, regardless of his Song ;  
 His mangl'd Limbs they scatter'd o'er the Plain,  
 Deaf to his Cries, and careless of his Pain.  
 Then from his snowy Neck his Head they tore,  
 Which on it's Waves *Oeagrian Heber* bore :  
*Eurydice*, the Subject of his Song,  
 In dying Accents trembled on his Tongue.  
*Eurydice*, with feeble Voice He cry'd,  
*Eurydice* the echoing Banks reply'd.

Thus

Thus *Proteus* spake ; then in the vast Profound  
 He plung'd, and dash'd the foamy Waves around.  
*Cyrene* staid ; her Son she thus address'd,  
 And banish'd Fear and Sorrow from his Breast.  
 From hence thy Troubles spring, the *Sylvan* Train  
 For this Misdeed thy Bees with Plagues have slain ;  
 With Pray'rs and Gifts the angry Nymphs assuage,  
 For Pray'rs and Gifts will soon appease their Rage.  
 But first attentive hearken to my Lore,  
 And with these Rites th' offended Pow'rs adore :  
 Select Four lusty Bulls of choicest Breed,  
 Which on *Lycaus'* verdant Summit feed ;  
 Four Heifers chuse, unconscious of the Wain,  
 And raise Four Altars in the lofty Fane ;  
 From the slain Victims pour the sacred Blood,  
 And leave their Bodies in the shady Wood :  
 When Morn has nine times streak'd the East with Day,  
 To *Orpheus'* Shade *Lethean* Poppies pay.

To calm his Bride (for thus has Fate decreed)  
 A fatted Calf, and fable Ewe must bleed ;  
 That done, returning seek the Wood-land Shade ;  
*Cyrene* order'd, and the Youth obey'd.  
 With duteous Steps He to the Grove repairs,  
 The Temple visits, and the Altars rears :  
 He took Four lusty Bulls of choicest Strain,  
 And Heifers Four that never knew the Wain ;  
 On the Ninth Morn the Off'ring due He paid  
 To *Orpheus'* injur'd Ghost, and fought the Wood-land  
 (Shade.  
 Behold ! a sudden Prodigy appears :  
 The humming Sound of Bees invades his Ears,  
 From the torn Bowels issuing through the Sides,  
 The living Cloud the yielding Air divides ;  
 Then to a neighb'ring Tree tenacious clung,  
 And from the Boughs in yellow Clusters hung,

B I O N ' s

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BION'S ADONIS *Translated.*

**I** Mourn *Adonis*, now alas ! no more,  
 His helpless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore ;  
 Stripp'd of thy gaudy Robes, O *Venus* rise,  
 And shake the balmy Slumber from thine Eyes ;  
 Melting in Woe, unhappy Goddess, tell,  
 How soon the sweet, the fair *Adonis* fell.

*I mourn Adonis, now alas ! no more,  
 His helpless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.*

*Adonis* lies all weltring in his Gore,  
 On the bleak Mountains wounded by a Boar ;  
 Slow roll his Eye-balls in his sleepy Head,  
 Lifeless He seeks the Mansions of the Dead ;

From

From his fair Face the rosy Beauties fly,  
 Fade in his Cheek, and languish in his Eye,  
 Yet still with Love *Cythera's* Goddess glows,  
 And lavish Kisses on his Corse bestows ;  
 Vain is her Love, and vain the Heavenly Kiss,  
 He lies all senseless of the balmy Bliss.

*I mourn, Adonis, now alas ! no more,  
 His hapless Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.*

Deep in his Thigh descends the thrilling Smart,  
 But deeper far in *Cytherea's* Heart.  
 His much-lov'd Dogs around their Master yell,  
 Snatch'd prematurely to the Shades of Hell ;  
 The *Dryads* melt in sympathetic Woe,  
 Tears down their Cheeks in pearly Riv'lets flow,  
 And *Venus*, mindful of her former Loves,  
 With Hair dishevell'd wanders through the Groves,

And

And while with naked Soal she treads the Ground  
 Her silver Feet the prickly Briars wound,  
 Her feeble Voice along the Vallies dies,  
 As she invokes his Shade with piercing Cries ;  
 Wide gapes the Wound inflicted by the Boar,  
 His snowy Thigh is ting'd with purple Gore.

*Venus* alas ! the Loves bewailing cry,  
 Her fading Beauties with *Adonis* die,  
 Now fair *Adonis* lies among the Dead,  
 Her Graces languish, and her Charms are fled,  
 The Hills and Woods their sad Disorder show,  
 The mourning Riv'lets roll in Streams of Woe ;  
 While in the Pangs of Death *Adonis* lay,  
 Their silent Grief the sick'ning Flow'rs betray ;  
 Fair *Cytherea* wails in doleful Sounds,  
 From Hills, from Woods the woful Dirge rebounds.

Dead

Dead is *Adonis*, rueful *Venus* cries ;  
 Dead is *Adonis*, Echo sad replies.  
 Frantic with Grief as *Cytherea* spy'd  
 The streaming Gore run trickling down his Side,  
 She rear'd her Arms in Bitterness of Woe,  
 And from her Tongue these mournful Accents flow :  
 Ah ! let thy Arms around my Body twine,  
 Once more, my Dear, in close Embraces join ;  
 The last, the sweetest, living Kifs bestow,  
 Before you seek the gloomy Realms below ;  
 The Kifs shall treasur'd in my Heart remain,  
 And bring a short Oblivion of my Pain,  
 While torn from Me, from Pleasure, Life and Light,  
 You seek the pitchy Mansions of the Night.  
 I seem All-pow'rful, yet implore Relief,  
 And Immortality augments my Grief.  
 Goddess, who rul'st the Regions void of Day  
 (For far o'er mine extends thy pow'rful Sway)

O !



O! let *Adonis* safe from Harms abide,  
 And in *Elysium's* happy Fields reside.  
 Worn out with Grief the Dregs of Life I drain,  
 And wail my much-lov'd Youth untimely slain;  
 My Love, my Joys, like airy Dreams, are fled;  
 I lie abandon'd in a Widow's Bed;  
 The Cestus once so prevalent in Love,  
 And all the Charms I boasted useless prove.  
 How could thy Youth to chace the Boar presume?  
 Ill suits the Hunter's Toil with Beauty's Bloom!  
 Thus *Venus* pour'd her unaffected Moan,  
 And the sad *Loves* return'd her Groan for Groan.

Lamenting *Venus* near *Adonis* stood,  
 One pour'd a Tide of Tears, and One of Blood,  
 Streight rising Flow'rs their flagrant Buds disclose,  
 Hence sprung *Anemone*, and hence the Rose.

*I mourn*

*I mourn Adonis, now alas ! no more,  
O Venus, cease in Woods thy Husband to deplore.*

Now fair *Adonis* ceases to be thine,  
Stretch'd on a Couch *Adonis* lies supine,  
Fair He appears, and charms though void of Breath,  
His Beauty glows, revives, and blooms in Death.  
Clad in those Robes the breathless Charmer lay  
In which with thee He lov'd the Night away.  
To grace *Adonis*, flow'ry Chaplets bring,  
And lavish all the Beauties of the Spring.  
For Him the Roses shed their purple Pride,  
For Him the Lillies hung their Heads and dy'd.  
Around his Bier the sacred Myrtle spread,  
And fragrant Oil, and balmy Unguents shed ;  
You touch'd with Grief those roseate Balms despise,  
Alas ! your sov'rain Balm *Adonis* dies.

His

His hapless Fate the *Loves* bewail, and tear  
 The graceful Ringlets of their waving Hair,  
 Lamenting Accents melt on ev'ry Tongue,  
 Their Shafts are blunted, and their Bows unstrung;  
 One Water cool in golden Chargers brings,  
 One fans *Adonis* with his filken Wings.

While Grief, O *Venus*, bids thy Tears to flow,  
 The rueful *Loves* participate thy Woe;  
 The Nuptial Taper's fainting Lights decay,  
 And all the genial Garlands fade away.  
*Hymen* no more repeats his mirthful Strains,  
 In mournful Notes the wretched God complains.  
 Behold each *Grace* o'erwhelm'd with Grief appears,  
 The sad, the pious Partners of her Tears,  
 How fair *Adonis* dy'd they doleful tell,  
 And strive in Grief *Dione* to excel.

N

Ev'n

Ev'n the relenting *Fates* His Death deplore,  
 The *Fates* whom Sorrow never touch'd before ;  
 But all in vain ! stern *Proserpine* remains  
 Deaf to their Woe, and sweet-resounding Strains.  
 Cease, *Cytherea*, thou hast wept thy Due ;  
 But ev'ry Year thy pious Tears renew.

PSALM

PSALM CXIV. *Translated.*

**W**HEN happy *Israel* freed from slavish Toil  
 Forsook the barb'rous Regions of the *Nile*,  
 His Sanctity on *Judah* brightly shone,  
*Israel* rejoyc'd his Majesty to own ;  
 Astonish'd *Ocean* from his Glory fled,  
 Recoiling *Jordan* sought his oozy-Bed ;  
 Like Rams the Mountains skip along the Ground,  
 Like sportive Lambs the little Hillocks bound.  
 Why did'st thou, *Ocean*, hide thy fearful Head ?  
 Why did'st thou, *Jordan*, seek thy oozy Bed ?  
 Why did ye skip, ye Mountains high, like Rams ?  
 Why did ye bound, ye little Hills, like Lambs ?  
 Tremble thou, Earth, with reverential Fear,  
 Tremble thou, Earth, when *Jacob's* God is near,  
 Who forc'd the Rock to stagnate in the Field,  
 And the rough Flint a living Spring to yield.

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*On the Death of the Reverend Mr. JOHN  
BINGHAM, Student of Christ-Church,  
Oxford. By T. GILBERT, A. M. Fel-  
low of Peter-house in Cambridge.*

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*Erat Homo ingeniosus, actus, acer, qui plurimum &  
salis haberet, & sellis, nec condoris munda. PLIN. Epist.*

---

**T**Hough vain the tributary Tears we shed  
For Friends in Exile, or untimely dead,  
When Men, distinguish'd for their Merit, die,  
The Muses love to sing their Elegy,  
In humble Strains the mournful Theme pursue,  
And give to Friendship rigid Virtue's Due : —  
What honest Nature dictates, void of Art,  
With Eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding Heart,

Free

Free from the labour'd Ornament of Verse,  
 Shall pay the Tribute due to BINGHAM's Hearse.——  
 Oh! could these Lines, illustrious Shade, restore  
 Life to those Virtues, which are now no more,  
 Even CONYBEARE would bless the Sacred Nine,  
 And own their Inspiration was divine.  
 In Dawn of Life so strong thy Merit shone,  
 Mankind could scarce expect a brighter Noon.  
 Sure *Oxford* universal Sorrow wears,  
 And *Isis*' Stream encreases with her Tears!  
 Such was her Grief when MILTON's \* Son expir'd,  
 A rising Genius by the World admir'd.——  
 Too partial Fate will let the Fool and Knave  
 Drag in Contempt their Beings to the Grave;  
 But, like a Tyrant, labours to destroy  
 All that excel in Worth, or give us Joy,  
 Who shine like Meteors glorious in their Birth,  
 But soon in blazing Ruins sink to Earth.

\* PHILIPS.

So good MARCELLUS perish'd in his Bloom,  
 The rising Hope, and Ornament of *Rome*,  
 With ev'ry shining Quality adorn'd,  
 Like thee, by Men of Worth, and Virtue, mourn'd.—  
 What Art can reach, or Science can define  
 Among Philosophers or Wits to shine,  
 Without the help of Flattery was Thine;  
 Youth's giddy Sons, or Age severely wise,  
 From thy sweet Converse could instructed rise;  
 A Genius for all Parts of Learning fit,  
 Blest'd with strong Judgment, and a ready Wit;  
 Whose rare Abilities would Envy move,  
 Had not his sweet Behaviour won our Love.  
 Firm to his Principles, to Honour just,  
 Faithful as guardian Angels to their Trust;  
 He gave his Friends and Enemies their Due,  
 Above their Censure, and their Praises too.  
 Severe in Morals, honest without Art,  
 An able Head, and uncorrupted Heart;



Possess'd of little with a chearful Mind,  
 Enjoying Life, and yet in Death resign'd,  
 The gay Tranquillity, the Heart-felt Joy,  
 Beyond the Pow'r of Fortune to destroy ;  
 The Best Companion, the sincerest Friend,  
 Rever'd in Life, lamented in his End.  
 How few like Him in early Youth approv'd !  
 Admir'd by Enemies, by Friends belov'd :  
 Such is the Merit of an honest Fame,  
 And such the Character his Virtues claim.—  
 Sometimes in Converse o'er the Mid-night Bowl,  
 When Wine unfolds the Secrets of the Soul,  
 When absent Friends our grateful Thoughts engage,  
 Or Beauties that adorn, and charm this Age,  
 Thy sacred Image damps my rising Mirth,  
 And gives to sad Reflections hateful Birth,  
 Imagination paints the Pleasure past ;  
 But so refin'd a Bliss could never last !

On

On ev'ry Word each Guest enraptur'd hung,  
 And blest'd the Genius that inspir'd thy Tongue.  
 Now Women, Wine, nor Mirth have Pow'r to move,  
 The Friend that shares my Soul, or Nymph I love,  
 Thy dear Remembrance strikes my troubl'd Mind;  
 And casts all other Pleasures far behind.  
 But here the pensive Muse resigns her Pen,  
 And weeps no longer o'er the best of Men.

PSALM

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 PSALM CXXXVII. *Translated.*

**S**AD and forlorn near *Babylon* we lay,  
 Where limpid Streams in Chrystal Mazes play,  
 Strong in our Minds unhappy *Sion* rose,  
 And brought a fresh Remembrance of our Woes;  
 Our silent Harps on mournful Willows hung,  
 Mute were our Voices, and our Harps unstrung;  
 The scornful Victors load our Limbs with Chains,  
 Insult our Anguish, and deride our Pains;  
 With Taunts they cry'd, "Repeat a mirthful Air,  
 "Such as was sung in *Sion*, once the fair."  
 Oaptive, abandon'd, in a foreign Land,  
 How can we answer this unjust Demand?  
 How can we praise the Lord in joyful Strains,  
 Where Sadness pines, and mad Confusion reigns?  
 O *Salem*, ever woful! ever dear!  
 If I forget thee through a dastard Fear,

Let

Let my ungrateful Hand forget to play,  
 And tune the Chords responsive to my Lay :  
 If I with Trouble or with Care oppress'd  
 Should blot thy lovely Image from my Breaff,  
 May I forget the Melody of Song,  
 And lasting Silence dwell upon my Tongue.  
 On that dire Day when hostile Squadrons stood  
 Breathing Revenge, and thirsting for our Blood,  
 Remember, Lord, how swoln with envious Pride,  
 Enflam'd with Ire the Sons of *Edom* cry'd ;  
 Call forth your Rage, the stately Walls confound,  
 And raze the goodly Structures to the Ground.  
 Devoted *Babylon* ! thy lofty Wall,  
 The Source of all our Woes, is doom'd to fall ;  
 That Prince shall Fame, eternal Fame acquire,  
 Who lays thy City waste with Sword and Fire,  
 And deaf to Children's Cries, and Parents' Moans,  
 Shall dash thy bleeding Infants on the Stones.

The

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*The Seventh ODE of the Fourth Book of*  
 HORACE *imitated.*

---

*To a FRIEND.*

**A**T length the Snows are thaw'd, the Fields resume  
 Their genial Verdure, and the Myrtles bloom :  
 The Streams, by wint'ry Torrents swoln, subside,  
 Kiss the moist Banks, and in their Channels glide :  
 The Fair, invited by approaching Spring,  
 Shine in the *Mall*, or sparkle in the *Ring*.  
 The rolling Year instructs you Life to scan,  
 And not extend your Hopes beyond your Span.  
 To sooth the Winter, vernal Zephyrs blow :  
 But soon the Summer Suns intensely glow ;  
 The Summer's Heat to milder Autumn yields,  
 When golden Apples glitter through the Fields ;

But

But Autumn soon recedes, and *Boreas* brings  
 The lazy Winter on his hoary Wings :  
 The silver Moon her Orb collecting wanes,  
 And shines refulgent in th' Ethereal Plains.  
 But when of Life bereft, we touch the Shore  
 Where *Bingham*, *Peers*, and *Wand'sworth* went before,  
 In those dark Realms our brittle Clay decay'd,  
 Moulders to Dust, and dwindles to a Shade.  
 Can human Wisdom say, the Pow'rs divine  
 Will to this Day of Life to Morrow join?  
 Then seize the present, crown the sprightly Bowl,  
 Feast all the Senses, and enlarge the Soul ;  
 The Sums consum'd your Heir can never miss,  
 Nor know at what Expence you bought your Bliss.  
 When at the Bar of *Mines* you appear,  
 And from his Lips impartial Sentence hear,  
 Your shining Talents and illustrious Race  
 Can ne'er restore you to your Friends Embrace.

Vain

Vain were th' Attempt, should *Pallas* lend her Aid,  
 To call her *Bingham* from the *Stygian* Shade ;  
 Nor *Talbot's* Friendship, since it could not save,  
 Can raise his much-lov'd *Wand'sworth* from the Grave.

O

On

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On the Death of the Right Honourable the  
Lord CASTLECOMER, 1736.

---

By T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of Peter-  
house in Cambridge.*

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**F**arewell! thou blooming Hope of *Albion's* Isle,  
Whose Converse could the Cares of Life beguile ;  
Enrich'd with lively Wit, with Arts adorn'd,  
In the first Scene of Youth admir'd, and mourn'd ;  
Whom Heav'n repenting thought a Gift too great,  
And early snatch'd thee to a better State,  
Where Souls like thine of an exalted kind  
From ev'ry mean and vulgar Thought refin'd,  
Dwell in pure Regions of Immortal Joy,  
Where nothing can the high-wrought Bliss destroy ;



Where injur'd Innocence kind Angels guard,  
 And flighted Virtue meets a sure Reward.  
 Lamented Youth ! what Tears of Sorrow flow,  
 How ev'ry pensive Bosom heaves with Woe !  
 While those whose Breasts the tuneful Nine inspire,  
 Though dumb with Grief, yet touch the moving Lyre,  
 In melancholy Numbers void of Art  
 Speak the sad Language of an aking Heart.  
 Since the frail Sisters cut Thy slender Thread,  
 And You are rank'd among th' Illustrious Dead,  
 Now ev'ry Coxcomb's fond Ambition ends,  
 Whom Vanity, or Fortune made your Friends ;  
 When the mean Tribe of Slaves no longer wait,  
 To croud like Parasites your Palace Gate,  
 The sacred Muse to Friendship ever dear,  
 O'er thy cold Ashes sheds a grateful Tear ;  
 'Tis Her's to pay the last sad Tribute due  
 To celebrated Worth, in Friends like You,

In humble Strains to make their Merit known,  
 Or mark their Virtues on the sculptur'd Stone——  
*Wand'rwortb* farewell ! in whom kind Nature join'd  
 Whatever could instruct or charm the Mind ;  
 With Learning Candour, Modesty with Truth,  
 The Sage's Wisdom with the Fire of Youth,  
 Whose Affability and winning Air  
 Could entertain a Friend, or please the Fair ;  
 Who made stern Honour all his Actions guide ;  
 Though nobly born, without one Spark of Pride ;  
 Whose Glory on its own Foundation stood,  
 And claim'd no Merit from Descent of Blood——  
 When the gay Scene of fleeting Life is o'er,  
 And the World's Vanities delight no more,  
 The parting Soul reflecting on thy Death  
 Shall yield with greater Joy her latest Breath ;  
 Without one Struggle bid the World adieu,  
 And wing her Flight to Happiness and You.

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*On the Widow BRADGATE of the Three  
Tuns in Oxford, 1734.*

---

*By a FRIEND.*

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**L**ET fighting Poets in a Love-sick Strain  
By purling Streams of cruel Nymphs complain,  
Or else the tuneful Nine's Assistance boast  
In labour'd Verse to celebrate a Toast ;  
Majestic *Bradgate's* Charms my Lays inspire,  
And ev'ry Thought with glowing Raptures fire.  
Let other Nymphs with Artifice prepare  
To make each careless Lock contain a Snare,  
Consult the Glass their Features to improve,  
And strike each self-enamour'd Fop with Love ;  
While the gay Widow with a graceful Air  
Excels in native Charms the brightest Fair,

~~Commands detaching~~ Crowds to own her Pow'r,  
 Strikes Envy dumb, and makes the World adore.  
 Mankind must envy thee, illustrious Shade,  
 Whose Merit could deserve so fair a Maid :  
 Extremes of Happiness can never last ;  
 Soon was the transitory Pleasure past ;  
 And when you had enjoy'd your beauteous Bride,  
 Confess'd the Transport was too great, and dy'd.  
 But still the Pledges of their Love remain,  
 Whose Charms their Mother's Empire will maintain ;  
 Though lovely Children her chaste Raptures bless,  
 No pregnant Pangs could make her Beauty less.  
 As *Cybele*, the Parent of the Gods,  
 Whose radiant Offspring fills the bright Abodes,  
 In spite of Time her youthful Charms can boast,  
 Fair as the Fairest of the Heav'nly Host ;  
 So *Bradgate* (mark but this prophetic Truth)  
 Shall shine for ever in the Bloom of Youth.

*The*

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*The* T O A S T.

---

*By the same.*

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**L** E T Infidels be hush'd ; fill high my Glafs ;  
Fair *Dashwood* proves an Atheist is an Afs ;  
None but a Deity such Art could boast,  
To form so gay, so beautiful a Toast.

*On*

## On LUCINDA.

**W**HEN gay *Lucinda* clasps me in her Arms,  
And wantonly displays her blooming Charms ;  
What Colours can describe the charming Fair,  
Her Virgin Zone unloos'd, her Bosom bare ;  
Her Heart beats quick, her Eyes bear wanton Fire,  
And every Atom glows with fierce Desire :  
Stern Honour, Guardian of the tender Sex,  
O'ercome by Nature, his frail Charge neglects ;  
To Love's soft Passion the kind Fair resigns,  
Whose roving Appetite no Law confines ;  
Wing'd with Delight the happy Moments flew,  
Joys, circling Joys, in Pleasure ever new ;  
In Transports lost our panting Bosoms glow,  
And blended Souls in liquid Rapture flow.

*The*

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*The* P A T R I O T.

---

*By the same.*

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**C**URSE on that fordid Miser's Lust of Gold,  
 By whom his Country's Interest is fold,  
*Auletes* cries ; and with a Patriot's Voice  
 Declares, " Or Liberty or Death's my Choice."  
 But when N———e whispers in his Ear,  
 Your Vote shall gain Two Thousand Pounds a Year ;  
 With an obsequious Bow he thanks his Grace,  
 And wonders how he could mistake the Case.

*The Rape of EUROPA. Translated from  
MOSCHUS, beginning at*

Ὡς εἰπῶσ' ἀνόρεσε, φίλας δ' ἐπιδίξεθ' ἑταίρας.

**T**HEN from her downy Bed *Europa* rose,  
Her lov'd, coeval, Fellow-Nymphs she chose,  
With whom she bath'd where pure *Anaurus* glides,  
Or led the Dances on his verdant Sides,  
Or cropp'd the Roses from the painted Field,  
Or stole the Scent which fragrant Lillies yield.  
Th' obsequious Nymphs obey their Queen's Command,  
Each takes an ample Basket in her Hand;  
Then to the well-known Mead they bend their Way,  
The Mead that bord'ring on the Ocean lay,  
Where roseate Objects entertain the Sight,  
And murm'ring Streams create a fresh Delight.

*Europe*



**Europa** bore a Basket form'd of Gold,  
 The Work of *Vulcan*, goodly to behold,  
 To *Lybia* giv'n when she resign'd her Charms  
 To bless with Love the wat'ry Monarch's Arms ;  
 But *Lybia* gave the Workmanship divine  
 To *Telephessa* of her Kindred Line,  
 Then on *Europa Telephess'* bestow'd  
 The rich, the artful Labours of the God :  
*Inachian Io* breath'd in Gold refin'd,  
 A Heifer yet bereft of human Mind,  
 Of Reason void she cross'd the liquid Plain ;  
 In Azure flow'd the well-disseml'd Main ;  
 Two Men upon the Ocean's Margin stood,  
 And saw the Heifer stem the briny Flood ;  
 Then on the Cow his Hand *Saturnius* laid,  
 And near the *Nile* transform'd her to a Maid ;  
 The Streams of *Nile* in ductile Silver roll'd,  
 Brass was the Beave, the God-head shone in Gold.

Just

Just on the labour'd Verge *Cyllenius* lies,  
 And *Argus* wakeful with an hundred Eyes,  
 From whose warm Gore a Bird exulting springs,  
 And proudly waves its party-colour'd Wings ;  
 The new-born Fowl displays its various Tail,  
 Whose Plumes expanded like a wavy Sail ;  
 The Basket's golden Brim it cover'd o'er,  
 Which to the Meadow fair *Europa* bore.

Soon as they reach'd the Mead and flow'ry Bed,  
 They chose, they gather'd as their Fancies led,  
 This *Hyacinth*, that cropp'd the *Violet* blue,  
 A third *Narcissus* of a paler Hue ;  
 The new-pluck'd Flow'rets shed their Leaves around,  
 And vernal Beauties thick o'erspread the Ground ;  
 Some rob the *Crocus* of its fragrant Smell,  
 In the sweet Toil each lab'ring to excel.

But

But in the midst the fair *Europa* stands,  
 And calls the *Roses* with her snowy Hands :  
 Than all her Nymphs she boasts a nobler Mien ;  
 (As o'er the *Graces* shines the *Paphian* Queen)  
 Not long to wanton on the flow'ry Plain,  
 Nor long of Love unconscious to remain ;  
 As Thund'ring *Jove* beheld the blooming Dame,  
 He glow'd, He languish'd with a pleasing Flame,  
 Fair *Venus* can his Terrors all remove,  
 He melts, He softens, and He yields to Love.  
 From *Juno's* jealous Rage Himself He veil'd,  
 And in a Bull the latent God conceal'd ;  
 Not such a Bull as harrows up the Plains,  
 Or on his Neck the galling Yoke sustains,  
 Not such as feeds among the servile Throng,  
 Or lab'ring draws the lazy Wain along ;  
 His Body yellow, in his Front arose  
 A silver Circle white as falling Snows ;

P

His

His azure Eye-balls languishingly bright  
 Sparkl'd with Love, and glow'd with soft *Delight*.  
 Two polish'd Antlers from his Front extend,  
 Like *Cynthia's* Horns in Symmetry they bend.  
 The Mead He enter'd ; then the Nymphs drew near,  
 And stroak'd the gentle Beast devoid of Fear.  
 Just at the chaste *Europa's* Feet He staid,  
 And full of Transport kiss'd the lovely Maid ;  
 She wipes the Froth as from his Mouth it flows,  
 And harmless Kisses on the Bull bestows,  
 Melodious Lowings antedate his Joys,  
 Soft as the *Phrygian* Pipe's harmonious Noise.  
 Bending at fair *Europa's* Feet He bow'd,  
 And on the Nymph retorted Glances throw'd,  
 The stooping Beast his ample Back display'd ;  
 Thus to her fair-hair'd Nymphs *Europa* said :  
 My fav'rite Virgins, to my Words attend ;  
 Approach, approach, this gentle Bull ascend.

In sportive Pomp he'll bear us o'er the Plain,

For his broad Back will ev'ry Nymph contain.

Unlike the rest, He's beauteous, soft and kind,

His Looks, His Actions speak a human Mind;

Nature in him has Speech alone suppress'd,

Thus spake the Nymph—— then smiling mounts the  
(Beast.

Streight swift as Light'ning springing to the Shore,

The blooming Virgin, Heav'nly Prize! He bore;

With out-stretch'd Arms she call'd her menial Train,

She turn'd, she look'd, she sigh'd, she wish'd, in vain;

Fearless He plung'd amid the wat'ry Way,

And like a Dolphin shot along the Sea.

Emerging Nymphs the parting Waves divide,

On monstrous Whales the blue-ey'd *Nereids* ride,

*Neptune* Himself compos'd the angry Main,

And led his Brother o'er the liquid Plain,

Gath'ring around the Sea-born *Tritons* throng,  
 And their shrill Trumps resound the Nuptial Song.  
 Fix'd on the Bull *Europa* firm remain'd,  
 One Hand her Vest, and one her self sustain'd,  
 Her floating Garment wanton'd in the Air,  
 And, dancing like a Sail, upheld the trembling Fair.  
 But she whom Fates averse had doom'd to roam  
 Far from her Country, Friends, and pleasing Home,  
 (Now when no hospitable Shore appear'd,  
 No lofty Mountain's airy Summit rear'd,  
 Above, the Heav'ns their azure Brightness show,  
 The wide-extended Ocean foam'd below)  
 Gaz'd all around despairing of Relief,  
 And in these doleful Accents vents her Grief:  
 How can'st thou journey o'er the briny Plain,  
 Nor dread the various Perils of the Main?  
 Ships o'er the parting Ocean safely ride,  
 But tim'rous Bulls abhor the foamy Tide;

To

To slake thy Thirst no chrystal Fountains rise,  
 The liquid Wild substantial Food denies.  
 Art thou a God, in Heav'n who hold'st thy Reign?  
 If so, to act beneath a God disdain.  
 The solid Earth no Sea-born Dolphins sweep,  
 No Oxen sail along the hoary Deep;  
 Secure on Earth, secure you stem the Tide,  
 Your Hoofs like Oars the yielding Waves divide;  
 Soon like a Bird you'll tow'r, and soar on high,  
 Amid the azure Regions of the Sky.  
 Unhappy me! who by this Bull am led,  
 Unhappy me! who from my Country fled,  
 Now unaccustom'd o'er the wat'ry Way,  
 Hopeless, forlorn, disconsolate I stray.  
*Neptune* assist, your Empire you retain  
 Deep in the chrystal Caverns of the Main,  
 Sure not without the Guidance of a God:  
 I ride in Safety o'er the liquid Road.

In these Complaints the trembling Virgin mourn'd ;  
 The fair-horn'd Bull an Answer thus return'd :  
 Restrain your Grief, your drooping Spirits chear,  
 Desist, fair Nymph, the briny Surge to fear ;  
 Know I am *Jove*, I fought thee in the Field,  
 (For Gods can all things) in a Bull conceal'd ;  
 Smit with thy Charms these Regions I explore,  
 And cross the Seas unknown to Bulls before.  
 Thee to the *Cretan* Shore secure I'll bear,  
 Where *Amalthea* nurs'd my Youth with Care,  
 From thee a noble Offspring shall descend,  
 Whose wide Dominion with the World shall end.

Thus spake the God, and what He spake was true,  
 That Instant *Crete* arose upon the View ;  
 Then Thund'ring *Jove* resum'd his Form divine,  
 And all around celestial Glories shine ;

Th'



Th' impatient God the Virgin's Zone disclos'd,  
The winged Hours the genial Bed compos'd,  
Proud of her Conquest she resign'd her Charms,  
And rose a teeming Mother from his Arms.

*A Tran-*

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*A Translation from the Latin O D E of the  
Third Chapter of H A B B A K U K.*

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*By a F R I E N D.*

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**T** H E Great C R E A T O R arm'd with Wrath divine:  
Forfaking *Teman*, and the lofty *Paran*,  
With Majesty refulgent fill'd the World,  
And all the wide Expanse of chrystal Sky.

**Death.**

Death flies before in various Shapes of Ills,  
The Plague and every terrible Disease  
Attend the Deity in dreadful Pomp,  
While Flames destructive burn beneath his Feet.

The Light'ning darted through the vaulted Globe  
Casts a dread Terror o'er the trembling World,  
Vast Hills subside, and Mountains shun His Wrath.

These Eyes beheld the Sun-burnt *Æthiops*  
Struck with uncommon Fear, and *Midia*  
Trembling amidst the rough-hoarse-sounding Noise.

The Surges in swift Torrents backward roll'd,  
Affrighted *Jordan* to His Bed retir'd,  
While God in Triumph rode upon the Waves.

The

The Hills and Rivers saw Thy Face, and fled,  
And the loud Seas with Thy Great Presence aw'd,  
Groan'd in hoarse Murmurs from their inmost Caves.

Each Pole's envelop'd in the Gloom of Night  
At Thy Command ; the Radiant God of Day  
Starting confounded, stops His fiery Steeds ;  
And the pale lambent Moon neglects to guide  
Her Chariot, wand'ring through the Shades of Night.

The Nations felt what the offended God  
Of *Jacob* cou'd perform ; He shook his Spear,  
While Arrows, pregnant with Destruction, flew  
Through the vast Void, sure Ministers of Fate.

The loud hoarse Thunder menacing of Death  
Pierces their Ears, their Tongues forget to speak,

And

And daftard Fear runs thrilling thro' each Vein.  
 Tho' Earth shou'd mock the careful Ploughman's Toil,  
 And Nature perish in one common Wreck,  
 My Mufe shall ever fing JEHOVAH's Name,  
 Sole Lord of all, of Heaven and Earth Supreme.

**F I N I S.**

21 11 20









**NON  
CIRCULATING**